Sweet and Sour on Saccharin • The Real Paul Warnke
Prisons, Prisoners and Imprisoned Minds • Loose Talk

THE NEW REPUBLIC

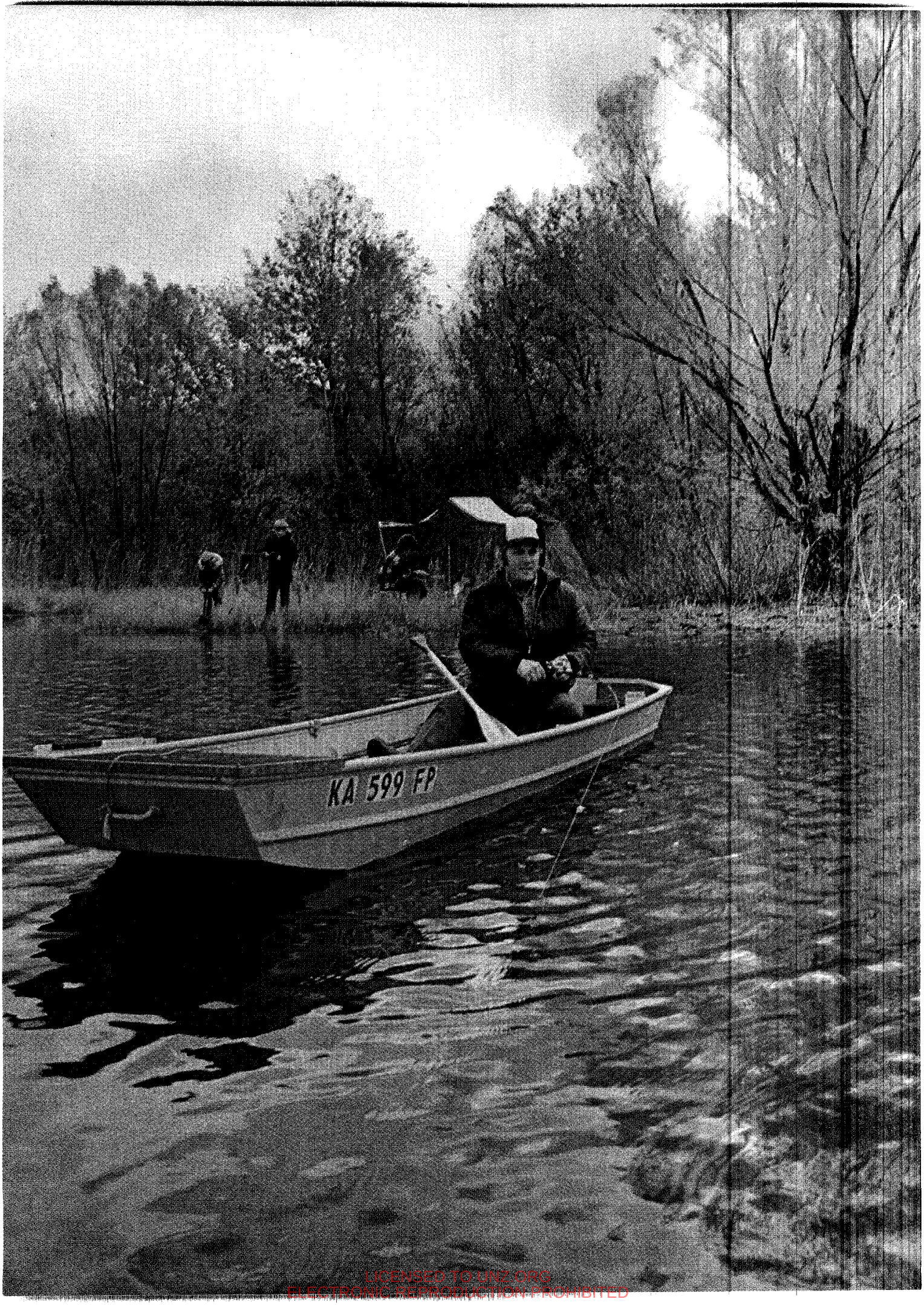
RITTER LIBRARY
BALDWIN-WALLACE
COLLEGE

March 26, 1977 Price 75 cents

NEWSPAPER NEW
W029 JAN 78 1 01
NR BLD4
BALDWIN WALLACE COLLEGE
RITTER LIBRARY PRDCLS
BEREA OHIO 44017

The Romance of Socialism
Henry Fairlie and Irving Howe

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I work for an energy company, but that doesn't mean I hate Mother Nature."

"I'm not going to suggest that an oil well improves the horizon, or that an operating surface mine looks more attractive than the original landscape," says Gulf Project Engineer Ken Cassidy.

"But the fact is that, to produce the energy we need now and will need in the future, we sometimes have to disrupt the environment.

We try harder

"We work hard to keep these disruptions as small as possible, and to get the work over with as quickly as possible. And I think we're doing pretty well.

"I could show you several beautiful places that have yielded a lot of energy from under the earth, and that have been reclaimed and replanted. They look as good as they did before. Sometimes even better.

From coal to bass

"For instance, that spot in the picture. Twenty years ago it was a partial flood plain, so unproductive you couldn't even get firewood out of there. Then fifteen years ago it was producing coal—it was a surface mine. Then it was reclaimed, revegetated. Now it's a favorite campsite for my whole family. And there's no better spot for catching largemouth bass.

A double challenge

"Here, Gulf has met two challenges: producing energy and providing an environment that's good to live in.

"There are bound to be areas in which energy companies and environmentalists may disagree. But there are solutions we can work on together.

"It's a great challenge to recover energy from the earth without permanently disrupting the environment. We are meeting this challenge. We'll continue to meet it one step at a time."

Gulf

Gulf people: meeting the challenge.

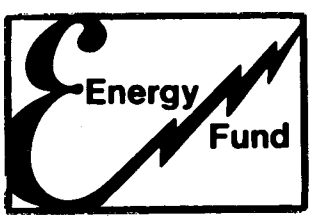
"We need the energy—but we need a good environment, too."

Gulf Oil Corporation

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

energy is on everyone's mind today

In 1955 Energy Fund was founded, specializing in investing in the various fields of energy. Send for our free informative pictorial prospectus and see the complete record of 21 years of experience in energy.



NO LOAD
No sales commission
No redemption fees

Neuberger & Berman Management
522 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10036
Dept. R3 (212) 575-7220

A prospectus containing more complete information about Energy Fund, including all charges and expenses will be sent upon request or receipt of the coupon. Read it carefully before you invest. Send no money.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

TRB

from Washington ®
March 26, 1977

That Alarm Bell Again

The British came this way to burn the White House. But the present peril is home-made. I am standing on Pennsylvania Avenue where twice before I have seen violence—each time different but each time with the same sense that anarchy is close, banging the very manhole covers to get out.

The first time was the bonus riots under Herbert Hoover; they used tear gas then. After that was the riot when Martin Luther King was murdered in 1968. Tear gas again. Now there is a new twist. A line of orange traffic cones cordons off Pennsylvania Avenue because religious terrorists have grabbed three buildings and are holding them, with hostages.

It is eerily quiet. This is normally one of the busiest corners in town; there is a bus stop and no buses; a traffic light and no traffic. A patrol car watches across the Avenue. Two blocks down is the white six-story District Building, its top floor seized. Everybody watches it; nothing happens. Just a kind of violent silence.

It was different in Hoover's time—that was noisy. My memory goes back to it. The nation is caught in the Depression and 8000 jobless veterans are encamped down the Avenue in a five-block area demolished for new Federal buildings. They plead for a bonus from Congress. Major General Douglas MacArthur and his aide (what's his name?—somebody called Eisenhower) push them out.

Hoover issues a proclamation. "Many are Communists and persons with criminal records," he says. "They must leave." I go inside the shell of the former Steuart's Ford agency, with a good view of the cordoned Avenue. Lower floors are filled with cots and bedding.

A crowd watches across the Avenue. The police are in blue shirts; it's July; hot. Here come the troops. No flags, no band; a couple of tanks. The veterans can't believe it. Most wear rags of their old uniforms. There is a brisk command down below, a rattle, the troops are fixing bayonets.

"Buddies!" cry the veterans. The officer in the street yells up, "You got three minutes to clear out. Three minutes; I warn you!"

Most decide to quit. They grab belongings; I move up a floor where a lone veteran is stretched out on a cot with a bandaged eye; a fight, maybe. The roof gives a good view. There is another rattle below; troops put on masks. A tremor goes through the three or four of us on the roof. The tanks start their rattling engines; police hastily cross to the other side.

Somebody throws a stone; the riot starts. A soldier pulls back his arm like a pitcher and throws a can. "Phosgene!" screams a veteran. It isn't that, of course; it's crying gas. The can hisses and emits white tentacles. Suddenly the crowd across the way wilts and runs; they have caught it. Our roof is safe, like a mountain above clouds.

Half an hour later a clean-up squad finally spots us and a blond boy of 18 puts a bayonet at my chest. We are crying so hard as we descend that they have to guide us. Soldiers burn huts and tents. A dog wanders about aimlessly.

That was in Hoover's time! Now it is 1968. General MacArthur's former aide, General Eisenhower, has himself come and gone as President, and LBJ is living in that lovely house on the Avenue that the British once burned. I have been out covering Robert Kennedy's presidential campaign. Word comes that King is murdered. As our plane flies back to Washington incredible bulletins come back to the press from the cockpit; reports we can't believe. And yet, as we approach Washington and see the big Capitol dome a wisp of smoke floats behind it.

It is worse than I imagined. It is evening; lights are on along F Street, the better to loot with. They are breaking glass at a clothing store and the alarm is ringing. The shoe store beside it is already looted. Attention turns to the radio store across the street. The elders look on, hang back; the teen-agers dare each other, laughing, and dart across the street for a bite or two at the white man's store, like a school of pirahnas tearing a corpse. Why did they murder Martin Luther King? A police car goes by, stops, and goes on. Glass shatters again and a youth passes out articles from the store; one grabs a tape recorder and runs. Occasionally a late home-going car comes down the street not stopping except, oddly enough, for traffic lights. That symbol still holds.

(continued on page 41)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Special Introductory Offer to Readers of New Republic

Take these 3 Special Reports about GOLD, SILVER, and HIGH YIELD BONDS *As A Bonus*

with a 2-month Introductory Subscription to The Holt Investment Advisory

As a special introduction to **The Holt Investment Advisory**, you can now take 3 of its most important recent investment reports **AS A BONUS** with a 2-month trial subscription. What's more, you can get **a $14 discount** off the 2-month trial rate (a $25 value).

This means that **for only $10**, you can now get 2 months (4 issues) of The **Holt Investment Advisory, plus** these 3 in-depth reports...

1. Special Report on South African Golds. Explains 2 reasons why The Advisory believes gold prices are almost sure to rise...Why select South African mining companies will be able to overcome the cost and labor problems that hindered their performance last year...How the South African government's devaluation of the rand will affect South African golds...Which type of South African mines will show the best gains in earnings and dividends this year...The Advisory's recommendations of **13 specific South African gold issues** with particularly attractive investment potential now. It tells why these were chosen, including a carefully researched analysis of their past performance, plus projected earnings and dividends through 1976.

2. Deep Discount Convertible Bonds Currently Yielding Up to 14%. The Advisory believes the time has come to put some funds in some of these securities for both high current income and good appreciation potential. In clear, non-technical terms, this report explains what convertible bonds are, and why they deserve your consideration in light of developments in both the stock and bond markets. It selects 10 convertible bonds, all listed on the New York Stock Exchange, which it considers to be especially attractive. For each of the 10, it presents the specific conversion terms, current yield and yield to maturity.

3. Special Bulletin on Silver. What's likely to happen in the silver market. This Advisory bulletin analyzes the latest U.S. Bureau of Mines statistics and discusses an important **new** development in the supply-demand fundamentals of silver. It describes what will likely be a **new, major long-term move in silver.** In addition, it gives 4 specific recommendations for taking advantage of the expected move.

About the Advisory—and Why It's Making this Offer to New Republic Readers

The Holt Investment Advisory is published twice a month. Each issue contains at least 12 pages of investment advice on stocks, precious metals, bonds, and a wide variety of other investments.

We are making this special offer to readers of **New Republic** and a few other select publications, because, frankly, we believe The **Advisory** is written with **you** in mind.

That is, the Advisory is written for the investor...

...who seeks a responsible alternative to the conventional Wall Street "wisdom", an alternative based on **sound, free-market analysis**...

...who prefers to protect and build capital systematically rather than speculate...

...who is interested in precious metals and the best ways to invest in them...

...who would like to know how to take advantage of professional, though sometimes unconventional strategies for making money in stocks, bonds and a wide variety of other investments...

...who welcomes specific, unhedged advice on what to invest in why, how and when.

Timely Information—Mail Coupon Today

To see if the **Advisory** can be of help in your investment planning, send today for your 2-month subscription and your 3 bonus reports.

As there is much timely information contained in these reports, **do it today.**

14 Regular Features of The Holt Investment Advisory

- Advice on Precious Metals
- Overall Investment Strategy
- The Market's Short-Term Outlook
- The Market's Long-Term Trend
- Ratings of 200 of the Most Widely-Held Stocks
- Stock Groups to Watch Now
- Ratings of 87 High-Grade Bonds
- Ratings of Selected Listed Warrants
- High-Potential Speculations
- The Economic Outlook
- Money & Credit Analyses
- Specific "Buy," "Sell," and "Avoid" Recommendations
- Follow-up Reports
- Complete Performance Review

***NOTE:* Your subscription to the *Advisory* is a *tax deductible* expense.**

The Holt Investment Advisory
277 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017

Please send me your 3 special reports on gold, silver, and high yield bonds as a bonus with my 2-month (4-issue) introductory subscription to The **Holt Investment Advisory**. My $10 is enclosed.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

1977, **The Holt Investment Advisory**. Subscription not assignable without your consent.

ER105

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cuisine a la Madison
7:00 a.m. until Midnight

THE MONTPELIER RESTAURANT
Superb continental cuisine and vintages graciously served in an atmosphere of quiet elegance. Open for luncheon, dinner and an enticing English Brunch on Sundays (except July and August) from 11 a.m. until 3 p.m.

THE MONTPELIER LOUNGE
Prix Fixe Buffet
from 11:30 a.m. until 2:30 p.m.
An intimate cocktail rendezvous
from 5 p.m. until 2 a.m.

LA PROVENCE
A continental coffee house for breakfast, lunch and dinner.

THE RETREAT
An old English pub serving fine refreshments, luncheon and light supper.

LA TERRACE
A delightful Parisien cafe open from 7 a.m. until 3 p.m.

LE RENDEZ-VOUS
A European streetside restaurant serving breakfast, brunch and lunch.

THE MADISON
Washington's Correct Address
15th & M Streets, Northwest
Free inside parking, sheltered access
Reservations • Telephone (202) 785-1000
Marshall B. Coyne, Proprietor

Contents

TRB from Washington	4	That Alarm Bell Again
Comment	7	Cancer and Your Sweet Tooth
Steven Kelman	8	No Mad Scientists
	9-10	Correspondence
John Osborne	12	White House Watch: Loose Talk
Michael Ledeen	13	Eurocommunists Exposed
Charles Fenyvesi	16	From the Concrete Floor
Henry Fairlie	17	The Passionate Socialist
Irving Howe	20	What Henry Heard
TNR *Interview*	22	The Real Paul Warnke
T. D. Allman	25	The Influence Game
Stanley Kauffmann	28	Theater
translated by Daniel Hoffman	29	Contemporary Hungarian Poets
		Books Considered
Joseph McElroy	31	Falconer by John Cheever
Abraham Brumberg	32	My Mind on Trial by Eugen Loebl
Peter H. Schuck	34	The Transformation of American Law by Morton J. Horwitz
James Lardner	35	Police: Streetcorner Politicians by William Ker Muir, Jr.
Stephen Barrett Kanner	37	Injustice for All by Ann Strick
Michael Skube	38	The American Police State by David Wise
Roger Rosenblatt	39	The Back of the Book
Middle East Diarist	41	Follow Me, Cy

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Politics and the Arts, Vol. 176, No. 13, Issue 3246, March 26, 1977. Published weekly (except the issues of January 8, July 16, August 13, August 27, December 31) and distributed by *The New Republic*, Inc., 1220 19th Street, N.W. Washington, DC 20036. Phone 331-7494. Single copy, 75¢; Yearly subscriptions, $21; foreign, $24; students, $14.

Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies and changes of address to Subscription Department, *The New Republic*, 381 West Center Street, Marion, Ohio 43302. Copyright 1977 by *The New Republic*, Inc. Item g. Second class postage paid at Washington, DC and additional mailing offices. Indexed in Reader's Guide.

Cover: "The Uprising" by Honoré Daumier; courtesy of The Phillips Collection.

The Staff

Editor—*Martin Peretz*
Publisher—*Robert J. Myers*
Managing Editor—*Michael Kinsley*
Literary Editor—*Roger Rosenblatt*
Executive Editor—*Morton Kondracke*
Senior Editors—*John Osborne, Eliot Marshall*
Politics Editor—*Ken Bode*
Assistant to the Editors—*Gwen Somers*
Films and Theater—*Stanley Kauffmann*
Guest Poetry Editor—*Robert Fitzgerald*
Contributing Editors—*Robert Brustein, Robert Coles, Henry Fairlie, Joseph Featherstone, Gerald W. Johnson, Nathan Lewin, Roger Morris, Peter J. Ognibene, John Seelye, Tad Szulc, Melville J. Ulmer, Michael Walzer*
Production Editor—*Elise D. Ritter*
Assistant Editor—*Philip Terzian*
Production Associate—*Mary Henninger*
Literary Assistant—*Roberta Tovey*
Circulation Manager—*Elizabeth Scanlan O'Brien*
Business Manager—*Rhonda Davis*
Bookkeeper—*Donna J. Melson*
Accounting Clerk—*Carolyn Carpenter*
Feature Syndicate—*Leslie B. Seagrave*
Director of Advertising—*Beth W. Newburger (202) 331-7494*
Advertising Assistant—*Barbara Albert*
Classified Advertising—*Barbara Gilbreth*
Receptionist—*Ruby McGowan*
Editorial Assistant—*Paul A. Barnett*
Leadership Network Advertising—*Robert F. Sennott, Jr., New York (212) 532-2500*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC

Cancer and Your Sweet Tooth

Consumers have not been so angry at their protectors since Ralph Nader had the government put buzzers on seat belts. The Food and Drug Administration, whose job is to see that food is pure and drugs are properly labeled, announced on March 9 that it intends to take saccharin off the shelf. Saccharin is an innocuous-seeming chemical that tastes a bit like sugar but doesn't contain calories and thus is tremendously popular with sweet-toothed Americans. It has been used for 80 years as an artificial sweetner, and during that time it has produced no discomfort in humans, according to the Calorie Control Council in Atlanta, save a laxative effect when taken in overdose. Nevertheless, the FDA expects to sweep it off the market by summertime. That will mean the end of diet soda, sugar-free gum and low-calorie cream-puff desserts. The average sweet soda today has more than 70 calories, while saccharin drinks have none at all. The soda pop industry will have to make low-calorie sodas with corn syrup, which unlike saccharin contains some calories. Since Americans drink half a billion cases of diet soda a year, we will gain some pounds.

The FDA acted on the basis of preliminary results from tests done on laboratory rats in Canada. Several groups of rats were fed heavy doses of saccharin and its impurities, and then dissected. The researchers found that a high percentage of the offspring of saccharin-fed rats had developed cancerous tumors in the bladder. These results haven't been published in scholarly form as yet, but the FDA sent a pathologist up to Canada to have a look at some of the tumor samples. He concurred with the researchers there, and the FDA joined the Canadian government, announcing on the same day that saccharin would no longer be sold over the counter. The Canadians will sell it only through pharmacies (no prescription required), but the FDA hasn't decided precisely how it will deal with the problem. Perhaps it will relabel saccharin as a drug and require prescriptions. Within 90 days the FDA will propose a rule, hold hearings, listen to comments and make a decision.

The FDA has hunkered down to ward off the blows that are coming. The decision to join forces with the Canadian health minister may have been an attempt to fortify the defense lines. The bureaucracy puts most of the responsibility for this action on a literal reading of the law, in particular on something called the "Delaney amendment." The amendment, named after Rep. James Delaney of New York, states that no food additive "shall be deemed to be safe if it is found to induce cancer when ingested by man or animal, or if it is found, after tests which are appropriate for the evaluation of the safety of food additives, to induce cancer in man or animals." Wayne Pines, a press officer at the FDA, said last week that his agency had no alternative under the law but to ban the use of saccharin in food.

Saccharin lovers have pelted the agency with letters and phone calls ever since. Some have called in tears. The soft drink industry has not withheld its opinion. This is the third time the FDA has attacked a sweetener as unhealthy, the earlier two being cyclamates and something called aspartame that never was approved.

Through the auspices of the demurely titled Calorie Control Council, the makers of diet foods and beverages launched a national campaign against the FDA last week. The Council bought double-page ads in 30 newspapers in all the major markets in the US. The ads urge readers to "Let yourself be heard!" They provide a list of key federal politicians and bureaucrats, with this exhortation: "Write or call your congressman today and let him know how you feel about a ban on saccharin. . . . And remember—every call, every letter counts. It's up to you to make this experiment in democracy really work." According to the ads, this is just another example of the arbitrary rule of "BIG GOVERNMENT."

Robert Gelardi, the council's spokesman, said, "In the past we've basically been a scientific research organization . . . . We've obviously gone beyond that now because what we thought would be a scientific discussion has become a political one." The FDA, Gelardi said, "doesn't even know what happened in Canada." His criticism was in two parts. First, he said

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the FDA has not put the Canadian study in the context of other recent saccharin studies (some of them sponsored by the council), which suggest that saccharin poses no threat to humans. Secondly, he found fault with the Canadian study itself: it was not set up as a test of saccharin but of saccharin impurities; the rats may have been fed too much saccharin liquid; and the rats' food may have contained impurities. All of these complaints will be hashed out in great detail in the administrative hearings this spring. In view of saccharin's long record of use without complaint, some will find the discussion of rats' bladders too tiresome for words. Already Rep. Andrew Jacobs (D, Ind.) has proposed a legislative labeling change. His bill would permit the sale of saccharin, provided it carries the following advisory: "Warning: The Canadians have determined saccharin is dangerous to your rat's health."

Quite apart from the scientific dispute, Gelardi made one point that rang true. The FDA is moving much faster in banning saccharin than has been its custom in other decisions. The Delaney amendment has more play in it than the FDA wishes to admit. Something has changed. In January the FDA said it would take at least until 1978 to read and study the Canadian work and then come to a decision. But by March the agency declared itself ready to settle the issue this summer. Well, now they have a controversy on their hands, and the debate will not be all sweetness and light.

Don't laugh at those rat bladders.

No Mad Scientists

To read the press accounts concerning the animal experiments that lay behind the decision by the Food and Drug Administration to propose a ban on saccharin, it would appear justified to conclude that the FDA had set a new record for government capriciousness. Newspaper stories widely trumpeted the fact that a human would have to drink 1250 cans of diet soft drink a day over an entire lifetime in order to ingest as much saccharin as the hapless Canadian rats were fed. It was also widely noted that although people have been using saccharin for 80 years, no case of human cancer had ever been associated with consumption of saccharin. Certainly much of the uproar over the FDA move is due to the view, created by press accounts, that saccharin is not dangerous at all.

Most of the press has behaved disgracefully in covering the proposed saccharin ban, swallowing industry propaganda without taking a moment to ask a few logical questions that might send a reporter looking for alternative versions of the relevance of the scientific evidence behind the FDA decision.

If I were a reporter, I would ask myself two questions before I repeated uncritically the stories about 1250 cans a day and no reported human cases of "saccharin cancer." First I would remind myself that animal experiments such as those implicating saccharin were conducted by trained experimental toxicologists according to test procedures used commonly in the profession. Is the profession of toxicology populated by "mad scientists," foolishly conducting tests whose avowed purpose is to provide evidence of cancer danger to humans, yet whose methods assure that whatever results they get will be irrelevant to the question they are seeking to answer?

Then, with regard to the "no reported cases" of cancer from saccharin, I would ask myself: how might such cases have come to be recorded? Do doctors ask cancer patients about their consumption of saccharin? Are there any records of which Americans eat saccharin and which don't, so the incidence of bladder cancer among the two groups can be compared?

The determination of whether or not various chemicals are carcinogenic is serious business. It is serious business because one of every four Americans dies an often-painful death from cancer, and because the incidence of cancer is growing. It is serious business for a number of government agencies—the Environmental Protection Agency, the Occupational Safety and Health Administration, the Food and Drug Administration, and the Consumer Product Safety Commission—whose responsibility it is to regulate potential carcinogens as they appear in our lives.

It is also a difficult business. How does one determine whether a substance is carcinogenic in humans? The most reliable way would be to expose an experimental group of humans to the suspected cancer agent, follow their medical histories through death, and see whether the experimental group was more likely to develop tumors than a control group not exposed to the suspected carcinogen. It should be apparent why such a method is never used.

The next-best method is a so-called "epidemiological study." Here one takes a group which for one reason or another has been exposed to a suspected carcinogen, and compares the incidence of cancerous tumors with their incidence in a control population. Epidemiological studies are what established that smoking cigarettes causes cancer. Epidemiological studies are typically difficult, time-consuming and expensive. The researcher can choose between two broad strategies. He may take the death records of people who already have died, and see whether those exposed to a suspected carcinogen more often died of some form of cancer than those not exposed. Here a problem is finding out whether people actually had been exposed or not to the substance in question. It is easy to see why such a so-called "retrospective" study would be difficult in the case of saccharin. Or the

(continued on page 11)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Correspondence

ACLU and CIA

To the editors:

Last October, the American Civil Liberties Union sent a letter to colleges calling their attention to a passage in the Final Report of the Church committee. It noted the existence of long established clandestine relationships between the CIA and members of college faculties. The letter urged that the problem be publicized on college campuses and that Congress should enact a legislative prohibition on "the operational exploitation" of college faculties by the intelligence agencies.

In the March 12 *New Republic*, a sidebar from the editors that accompanied an article by Diane Ravitch ("Brouhaha in Brooklyn") implies—without ever quite saying so—that this letter shows the ACLU will not defend college faculty members whose academic freedom or right to due process is violated in the name of antagonism to the CIA.

The record belies any such inferences. To cite just one example, in the 1960s the ACLU issued a statement condemning actions by students on college campuses interfering with the free speech of others. Subsequently, the ACLU undertook the defense of a great many students either improperly charged with interfering with the free speech of others or disciplined through the use of improper procedures.

Ms. Ravitch, in her article, makes the point that it is improper to punish people for conduct that was deemed innocent at the time it took place. The ACLU agrees. But that hardly argues against the circulation of a letter such as the ACLU sent to colleges last October. It is by calling attention to a problem such as clandestine relationships with the CIA that one gets rules made proscribing it. The ACLU is continuing its consideration of this matter, and we expect to suggest specific rules to colleges.

The Michael Selzer case at Brooklyn College was the focus of the Ravitch article and the accompanying editorial sidebar. As the editors note, Selzer has not asked the ACLU to represent him, at least up to this time. If he does seek representation by us, as is our practice, the matter would be dealt with by the local ACLU affiliate, in this case the New York Civil Liberties Union. Selzer did make some preliminary inquiries of NYCLU before any proceedings were instituted against him. He was advised to get back in touch with us if some action were taken against him, but has not yet done so. If he does seek our help, the New York CLU will determine whether to represent Selzer on the basis of its evaluation of the case, and nothing more.

Aryeh Neier
American Civil Liberties Union
New York, New York

And ETS

To the editors:

As the former director of minority affairs at the Educational Testing Service, I was especially pleased to read Kim Masters' excellent account of the latest misrepresentation in a long line of psychometric mishaps that has characterized ETS's sullied history ("ETS's Star Chamber," *TNR*, Feb. 5). The LSAT problem to which Masters alludes is identical to one deeply concerning many public-minded persons, namely the lack of statutory or public restraints governing the independent operations of ETS.

ETS exercises a near monopolistic control over access to higher education. By not demanding accountability for the misuse of its tests and not being held accountable for the excesses of its tests, ETS compounds the exclusion of minorities from higher education. What is needed is a congressional investigation into the testing industry, with particular focus on ETS. Is there a conflict of interest in ETS holding government contracts to evaluate educational systems, which also use ETS tests? Is there a violation of anti-trust statutes? Why has ETS continued to receive government contracts despite cost over-runs which violated both the spirit and intent of the contracts?

Unfortunately, there is no immediate likelihood that anything can be done to call ETS to account. Until, that is, an aroused people rise up and put ETS in public receivership.

Chuck Stone
Philadelphia Daily News

War powers

To the editors:

The real effect of a revived draft ("Mercenaries or Conscripts," *TNR*, Feb. 5) hungrily eyed by many of its supporters, is to permit the executive to wage undeclared wars—wars unauthorized by the Congress and unsupported by the electorate. The national disaster in Vietnam was made possible soley by the availability of an inexhaustible supply of conscripted manpower. The executive, having unilaterally committed this manpower to combat and casualities, found it a relatively easy task to obtain the necessary funds from Congress to supply and equip them. The Congress was faced with a *fait accomplit*. It was only eight years and 50,000 lives later the Congress found the courage to deprive the President of both his money and his draft—and the war ended.

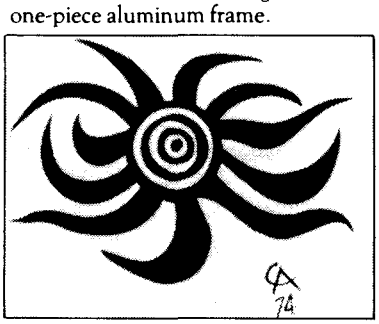
With an all-volunteer army the president effectively required to bring any proposed new Vietnam to the Congress, *in advance*, to explain what is contemplated and to request the enactment of suitable manpower measures to meet the requirement. While the result might have been the same in 1965, it would have been interesting to observe if the

Calder

Six original plate-signed lithographs created by Alexander Calder. These six lithographs were conceived from "Flying Colors," a mural painted on a DC 8-62 jet.

Each of these lithographs will be authenticated with the embossed cachet of "The Flying Colors Collection."© Pulled on 100% rag Arches paper and printed in Paris on the traditional flat bed presses which have been used for over 100 years in this method of printing.

The dimensions are 22" x 28" and are delivered framed for $65 each plus shipping charges of $3.95. The frame chosen is an award-winning welded, one-piece aluminum frame.



Sunburst

Send for free color catalog sheet.

The Flying Colors Collection
221 Park Ave. So., New York, N.Y. 10003

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Congress could have been persuaded to *commence* conscription on the basis of the same wobbly testimony as was presented to justify the ill-starred Gulf of Tonkin Resolution.

The real issue, therefore, is: do we wish to grant the President a blank check for the use of troops in combat? Or, should we require specific, limited, congressional approval of the action—before the fact? The issue of a revived draft is a constitutional issue of paramount importance—by whom is war declared.

Your editorial is strangely myopic in focusing solely on the sideshow issues of increases in cost and variations in the ethnic distribution of the volunteers. You have totally lost sight of the basic problem of war or peace.

Arthur K. Mason
Washington, DC

Last word on Suetonius

To the editors:
I just want to say that I agree wholly with the letter from Roger S. Kuhn which appeared in your issue of February 12. Indeed, I find the word "Suetonius" at the end of an article really quite disgusting, particularly in a magazine like *The New Republic*, with which I have been familiar from the day that I first listened to Walter Lippmann discuss plans for it when he was still living in his parents' house on the upper east side.

Alfred A. Knopf
Tucson, Arizona

The editors reply:
We identified Suetonius in our issue of March 12.

Tax, Spend, Elect

To the editors:
Alan Tonelson takes the "liberals" to task ("Bring Back Hell Fire", *TNR*, Feb. 26) for their inability to bring about "reforms," since they fail "to state their position in moral terms." By "moral terms" he seems to mean "a fervent desire to advance Christian values and ideals." As a conservative, I have no difficulty in agreeing with Mr. Tonelson, even when he acknowledges that the New Dealers "justified their deeds in utilitarian terms," more crassly expressed by Harry Hopkins, as "Tax, Tax, Spend, Spend, Elect, Elect!"

But I find Mr. Tonelson's article sadly deficient, in that he never (1) particularizes what it is that he would characterize as a desired "reform" and (2) then demonstrates how it advances "Christian values and ideals." The point being that if the "liberals" were forced to justify each proposed "reform" on the basis of "Christian values and ideals," we taxpayers would be saved many wasted tax dollars.

H. M. Holder
Shreveport, Louisiana

The APSA resolution

To the editors:
The resolution of the American Political Science Association referred to in Diane Ravitch's article on the Selzer case at Brooklyn College ("Brouhaha in Brooklyn," *TNR*, Mar. 12) has faults which I hope will be corrected. I can perhaps put it in a more favorable light by saying that the resolution did recognize "the importance of the academic community's participation in the conduct of government and formulation of government policies" and did not condemn all participation by political scientists in CIA or other government intelligence activities but asked only that such participation be fully disclosed.

The resolution failed to define with any precision the kind and degree of involvement that should be avoided and, especially to be regretted, said nothing to insure due process for accused individuals or (in your words) to "warn against a relapse into civil-libertarian myopia." I should also point out, however, that the Council did not regard this resolution as the final word on the question but, at the same meeting, referred it to the Association's Committee on Professional Ethics and Academic Freedom which will, I am sure, in due course bring in a more carefully considered statement.

Samuel H. Beer
President
American Political Science Association

Renascent cities

To the editors:
Nicholas van Hoffman's cynical note on our cities ("Don't Save the Cities," *TNR*, March 12) has too much truth for comfort. However, as a pediatrician who has daily contact with the children of the urban "zombies," I am constantly appalled by the wasted potential which they represent. The daily fare of anxiety symptoms—headaches, chest pain, stomach aches, etc.—presented by even the preschool kids coming to clinic, tells the story of the frustrated hopes and aspirations of the parental "junk" from which they spring.

Admittedly, the cheap, unworkable solutions so far evolved are not the answer. But honest government, good schools, adequate housing, safe streets, and the myriad other amenities expected by the middle class will return to the cities only if the cities become again the rejuvenated cultural and economic core of our society. If this doesn't happen, can the rest of our society survive the festering canker sores which the cities are fast becoming? I think not.

Robert Mack, MD
Childrens Hospital of Philadelphia

Feather your bed

To the editors:
Eliot Marshall, in his article "Unemployment Comp is Middle-Class Welfare" (*TNR*, Feb. 19), neglects to consider the meaning of middle-class welfare in its fullest measure. From my experience on the executive staff of an agency financed by a contract with the Health Services Administration I am encouraged to submit another interpretation of middle-class welfare. Judging by the general level of hairsplitting equivocation, hollow incertitude, inapplicable action, slothful dawdling, and soporific languor all under the specious guise of socially redeeming service to the community, I am led to surmise that Mr. Marshall could have more accurately entitled his article, "Employment is Middle-Class Welfare".

John E. Levin
East Lansing, Michigan

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

researcher may track down an exposed population currently alive, attempt to find a control population that differs in no other way from the exposed population except that they are not exposed to the substance in question, and follow both groups through a lifetime (since the occurrence of cancer takes place long after exposure to a carcinogen). Given the complications, and given the relatively recent explosion of interest in environmental carcinogens, it should not be surprising that few good epidemiological studies on suspected carcinogens exist. Most such studies involve workers exposed to carcinogenic chemicals on the job, where a high incidence chemicals on the job, where a high incidence of cancer in an identifiable population arouses the suspicion of company doctors or of the workers themselves.

If studies using humans are impractical, as they are in the case of widely used food products, studies on animals having a relatively short life expectancy are the only source of reliable information on suspected carcinogens. These experiments are conducted according to the basic principle of the scientific method: take a random group of test animals exposed to the suspected carcinogen, and a random group of non-exposed animals to act as a control group, and compare the incidence of cancer in the two groups to see if it is significantly higher in the experimental group than in the control group. The specially bred strains of laboratory animals used in toxicological testing are expensive. And toxicological testing on laboratory animals is very common. It is used for a wide variety of purposes besides testing items in the human environment for cancer-causing properties. All new drugs must go through toxicologic tests in animals, and many other chemicals go through such tests as well. For these reasons the number of animals used in these experiments is fairly small, say about 100 in the test group and 100 in the control group.

The next question is: what size dose should the test group of animals be exposed to? The fundamental principle of toxicology is that the toxic effect of any substance is dose-related: the higher the dose, the more likely it is that the effect in question (cancer, in this case) will appear; the lower the dose, the less likely. The fact that a substance is a carcinogen doesn't mean that everyone exposed to it gets cancer; only some do. Let's say (and these figures are purely hypothetical) that people who drink two cans of diet soft drink a day have a one-in-10,000 chance of developing bladder cancer from their exposure. Even at that very low risk (and, again, these figures are purely hypothetical) there would be 1000 cancer cases for every 10 million people exposed, which might reasonably be regarded as a cause for concern. The point is that if you exposed a test group of only 100 to a saccharin dose equivalent to two cans of soft drink a day, it is very unlikely that any members of the group would develop cancer from the exposure, simply because the test group is too small. The reason that experimenters expose animals to unusually high doses of substances being tested for cancer-causing properties is that by increasing the dose, they increase the risk to a point where possible carcinogenic effects may be observed in a small test group. At small doses, you might very likely "miss" substances which in fact are carcinogenic.

Now this doesn't mean that the interpretation of such animal test results is problem-free. First of all, we can never be sure whether animal results can be extrapolated to humans. But testing carcinogeneity directly in human beings is time-consuming, expensive and often problematic. So the FDA has only two choices: assume that if something causes cancer in rats it causes cancer in humans, until proven otherwise; or assume that it doesn't, until proven otherwise. Since every known human carcinogen (except, possibly, arsenic) is also carcinogenic in animals, it seems prudent to assume that substances are guilty until proven innocent.

A second problem is that in some, but not all, cases, chemical carcinogens are metabolized by the body into non-carcinogenic substances. In such cases, results based on high doses may be misleading, because these doses overwhelm the body's ability to metabolize the substances. Unfortunately, however, scientists don't know too much about the nature and extent of such metabolization.

Finally, there are the issues of public policy raised by the Delaney amendment itself, which triggered the FDA action by requiring the banning of carcinogens in food. The Delaney amendment really was intended to deal with *additives* in food, such as red dye #2. Usually the consumer is not aware that the food he or she purchases contains these additives, and has little choice in the matter in any event. Under these circumstances, a flat ban makes some sense. Saccharin is clearly in a different category, since it is purchased separately, or is the principle reason for purchasing a diet food item. The decision to purchase saccharin, if one knows the substance may cause cancer, involves a conscious assumption of risk far more voluntary than the risk assumed by a worker who takes a job exposing him or her to a carcinogen. Given this distinction, a better public policy might be to place a warning label on saccharin, similar to the one on cigarette packs, instead of banning the substance. An alternative the FDA is considering would be to permit the sale of saccharin as a prescription drug. Either approach, however, would of course require a change in the law. The Delaney amendment offers no alternatives to an outright ban.

But the public that might face the decision of whether or not to purchase saccharin, and the policy makers deciding whether to amend the Delaney amendment, are not well served if they make those

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

decisions on the basis of press accounts that imply that saccharin poses no risks. The initial suspicions about saccharin arose from the fact that it is a coal-tar derivative, like a number of known human carcinogens. The animal tests substantiate these suspicions. With this information, I would not choose to consume saccharin. Others should have a right to judge differently. But they also have a right to judge on the basis of good information.

Steven Kelman

Steven Kelman's current project is a comparison of the Occupational Safety and Health Administration with its counterpart in Sweden.

White House Watch

Loose Talk

President Carter disturbed a lot of conventional fuddies like me with what seemed in March to be an excess of loose talk about serious matters of foreign affairs. He did some of the talking himself and one of his favorite appointees, Ambassador Andrew Young, the first black who has headed the US delegation to the United Nations, did a good deal more of it. Columnist Joseph Kraft, referring to both talk and action, judged that "the President is needlessly making big mistakes for which later on we will all have to pay." My first inclination was to agree. Upon reflection, however, and after exposure to a spate of official explanation, I conclude that the talk in question shook up the journalists who reported and mulled it more than it bothered the country's friends and enemies. All else apart, the business added considerably to our knowledge of the new President's style and way of doing things and getting things done.

In greeting Israeli Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin the White House for the first of a round of talks with Middle Eastern leaders, the President remarked that the US supports "defensible borders" for Israel as a part of any final settlement of its conflict with its Arab foes. "Defensible borders" has substantially meant to Israelis the borders established by military victory in 1967. The President's use of the term therefore upset Arab officialdom and cried out for clarification. At his third presidential press conference on March 9, Mr. Carter undertook to provide the clarification and, in doing so, created an initial impression that he was yacking away with neither forethought nor thorough understanding of what he was saying. In a passage remarkable for its disclosure of possible approaches to a negotiated Arab-Israeli settlement that normally would be discussed in secret at this preliminary stage, the President said among other things: "The defensible border' phrase, the 'secure borders' phrase obviously are just semantics . . . . Recognized borders have to be mutual. The Arab nations, the Israeli nation have to agree on permanent and recognized borders where sovereignty is legal as mutually agreed. Defense lines may or may not conform in the foreseeable future to those legal borders. There may be extensions of Israeli defense capability beyond the permanent and recognized borders." There could be extensions, he continued, by electronic monitoring or even the placement of Israeli forces beyond Israel's legal borders—nominally Arab territory, obviously. He also mentioned the possibility of "international forces" beyond the legal borders in demilitarized zones. It was new, it was astonishing, in the sense that it was casually disclosed at a press conference without—so it was later said at the State Department and the White House—prior notice to the concerned governments. Secretary of State Cyrus Vance assured Arab ambassadors in Washington and Prime Minister Rabin that neither the substance nor the manner of disclosure indicated any change in basic US policy, including the proposition that any settlement must be arrived at by the Middle Eastern parties and cannot and will not be imposed by the United States.

It turned out that every idea mentioned by the President had been set forth and discussed at length in position papers prepared for him at the State Department and by the NSC staff before Rabin arrived. The same ideas had been discussed in detail with Rabin. Only—and this is where the President's style enters—his decision to come out with it at his press conference had been his decision alone. Jody Powell, who is both press secretary and general policy adviser to the President, said afterward that he'd been consulted "in general terms" about the use of public occasions to promote policy ideas but not about the use of the March 9 press conference to promote these ideas. There was no apology from any quarter, at either the White House or the State Department, for springing the President's ideas on the world as he had done. But this inquirer got a distinct impression that this sort of thing won't be done again in just that way. The initial Arab rejections and denunciations were probably as expectable and *pro forma* as US officials professed to believe they were, and arrangements for successive visits to Washington by Arab officials continued. The word from Israel after the Prime Minister's return was that he was more hopeful than he'd previously been of an acceptable, comprehensive settlement with the Arabs this year. But the indication was that the President had realized that, although no discernible and material harm had been done by his disclosure, it really would be better not to surprise interested parties again in the way he'd surprised Israelis and Arabs alike.

Anyone who has followed US and UN relationships

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and the role of American ambassadors to the UN since 1945, as I have, must have a sense of the past replayed, as it has been again and again, when Ambassador Andrew Young's early performance is considered. One remembers President Harry Truman announcing his decision to recognize the new state of Israel while Ambassador Warren Austin was arguing against recognition on the General Assembly floor. Remembered, too, is Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge—as proud and stiff a fellow as ever held the job—proclaiming that he took orders only from President Dwight D. Eisenhower, while privately and supinely taking orders in the most minute detail from the assistant secretary of state (who once delivered the said orders while this reporter sat in his office, listening with interest during the Suez crisis of 1956). There were, of course, the more recent attempts at independence by Ambassadors John Scali and Pat Moynihan, with the result that Scali was fired and Moynihan quit in a froth of rage and frustration. Which is not to say for sure that things won't be as different now as both Young and the President say they will be. But the show is mighty familiar.

Both the President and the Secretary of State have been constrained to say that maybe one or both of them should have been left to say some things that Ambassador Young had made bold to say. The quality of his off-the-cuff sayings hasn't been uniformly high, anyhow. He has said in succession, for example, that the thousands of Cuban troops in Angola are "a stabilizing force"; that they are too few to stabilize that strife-ridden country; and that the Soviet and Cuban presence in Angola is, in any case, no threat to the interests of the United States. At this writing, the President has authorized the emergency air shipment to friendly Zaire of supplies intended to help repel an invasion from Angola, which according to the Zaire government is covertly led by Cubans.

An interesting fact is that Ambassador Young in his formal, considered and official statements has been extremely circumspect and diplomatically correct. His talk of being the administration's "point man," voicing policy ideas before they become adopted policy, is reserved for the informal or wholly personal occasions. Thus at his Senate confirmation hearing: "I see myself working very closely with the Secretary of State, under his leadership, under the guidance of the President . . . to carry out those policies which this administration and this government is [sic] seeking to share with the rest of the world." And at a press conference after his confirmation: " . . . while this delegation will be an instructed delegation, the policies in which we are instructed will be the policies that we have participated in." By this he meant, participated as a designated member of the cabinet and the National Security Council, distinctions which in the past have not effectively added to the roles of ambassadors to the UN.

The truth is that ambassadors to the UN and their senior associates cannot really and for long be more than what the law makes them. The relevant law is the statute that authorized US membership in the United Nations in 1945. It says that the ambassador and the principal representatives under him "shall, at all times, act in accordance with the instructions of the President, transmitted by the Secretary of State, unless other means of transmission is directed by the President." The fact that Ambassador Young gets many of his instructions, as he and his spokesmen say with pride, directly from the President and the Secretary of State does not alter the clear intent of the law. It is that the United States shall not be represented at the United Nations by any one with pretensions to policy authority of his own.

John Osborne

Carter's human rights campaign has called their bluff.

Eurocommunists Exposed

Jimmy Carter's human rights campaign has been an unwelcome surprise to the Communist party leaders of Western Europe. Accustomed by now to sympathetic treatment from most of the American media and publicly delighted with the election of the new President, the Italian, French and Spanish Communist parties have been in a state of acute embarrassment for several weeks. The growing international consensus on behalf of the dissidents of Eastern Europe and some particularly heavy-handed actions by the Kremlin have exposed the hollowness of eurocommunist avowals of faith in democracy, pluralism and the integrity of Western society.

Party chiefs Santiago Carrillo of Spain, Enrico Berlinguer of Italy and Georges Marchais of France met in Madrid this month for what had been billed as an historic encounter. This eurocommunist summit was supposed to celebrate the formal baptism for the newly reformed communist church. Instead, it revealed that the three paladins of the faith agree on very little indeed, and that they are still quite unprepared to take public positions on the two questions which most concern outsiders: the relationships between the eurocommunists and Europe, and between eurocommunists and the Soviet Union. It proved impossible for the three spokesmen to draft statements dealing with human rights and the plight of the East European dissidents.

The eurocommunist summit was intended to confer

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

legitimacy upon Santiago Carillo's Spanish Communist party as it makes its formal entry into Spanish politics. It also was intended to present to the world the image of an ideologically coherent and respectable Western European communist movement. The first goal was abundantly fulfilled. Carillo had the great satisfaction of watching security officers from the three countries protect the summit from unwanted intruders. Both Berlinguer and Marchais hailed the Spanish leader, called for the legalization of the PCE and, by their very presence and the smoothness with which the conference was carried off, added considerable luster to Carillo's reputation.

The second goal was not achieved, despite Carillo's attempts to organize his conference into a real alternative to the kind of Soviet-dominated charades that had taken place in the past. Carrillo is eager to show the Spanish people that his party is completely cut off from the Russian mother church. He had drafted a statement for the summit that was critical of the Iron Curtain countries, and supported the demands of the dissidents there. He had asked Marchais and Berlinguer to support a statement expressing solidarity with the European Common Market.

No agreement on either of these points emerged from the Madrid summit. The French Communist Party is more chauvinistic than the Gaullists. And in the weeks preceding the reunion, Berlinguer had sent his right-hand man, Gianni Cervetti, to Moscow for consultations, presumably to reassure Brezhnev that nothing in the way of an independent eurocommunist gauntlet would be hurled down on Spanish soil. The gesture shows once again how far-fetched it is to suppose there is a genuine rupture between the new communist protestants and the Kremlin theologians. As a matter of fact, shortly before the opening of the Madrid summit, the three leaders were thrown into a near panic when news reached the Hotel Melia that Brezhnev had gone to Sofia with all the leaders of the Eastern European bloc. Berlinguer, Marchais and Carrillo were visibly shaken by the possibility of a counter-summit, and an aide was quick to tell newsmen, "We have no intention of a confrontation with any of our brother countries."

Brezhnev need not have worried. The only statement from Madrid which might inevitably have been read as expressing the slightest criticism of the Soviet Union was that which called for the full application of the Helsinki Treaty. When asked whether this represented a criticism of treatment of dissidents in the East, the eurocommunists denied it. The next day, however, perhaps embarrassed by their previous reticence, some of the gurus of the summit hinted that one might read some criticism of the Russians into the text.

On the last day of the Madrid summit, an international incident exploded in Venice. The Venice *Biennale* arts festival had scheduled a discussion of "cultural dissidents in Eastern Europe." The Russian ambassador asked the Italian Foreign Ministry, the Ministry of Cultural Riches and the Ministry of Spectacles (which control the budget for the *Biennale*) to cancel the program. The Italian officials uncourageously passed the request to the *Biennale*'s president, the socialist Carlo Ripa di Meana, who promptly resigned. As this incident burst onto the front pages of the national press, it became evident that Italian journalists had been following this question for some time in total silence. They observed that the *Biennale* had been under attack for months, not only in the pages of *Izvestia* (which had called the proposed program a "provocation") but also within the board of the *Biennale* itself. The communist members had, in the words of Ripa di Meana, "proposed procrastinating alternatives, to prevent the *Biennale* discussion on dissent from taking place." Carlo Giulio Argan, the communist art historian who is also the mayor of Rome, said that he could see no point in having a "Solzhenitsyn parade" at the *Biennale*. The communist and left-wing press were filled with comments of this sort. They had been wildly enthusiastic two years before when the *Biennale* was devoted to "fascist Chile."

Italian Premier Andreotti and Foreign Minister Forlani simply ducked the question and left it to the president of the *Biennale*. However, no one ever suspected that the Italian government was a bastion of courage and independence. Andreotti knows that any offense to the party of Berlinguer is likely to bring down his own feeble regime, and throw Italy into even greater chaos. But one might have expected some small show of independence on the part of Berlinguer himself, whose righteous indignation at speeches by Henry Kissinger last year—ostensibly because they constituted foreign interference in internal Italian affairs—knew no bounds.

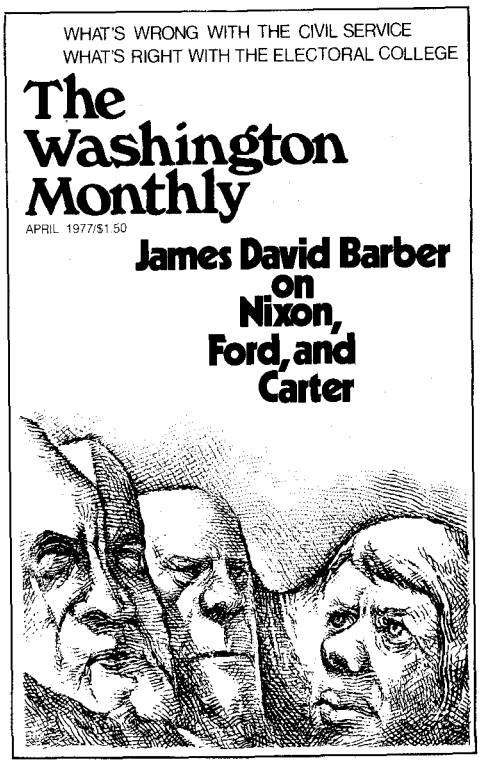
The Italian Communists have been severely shaken by the phenomenon of Eastern European dissidence, and they are caught between a rock and a hard place. They dare not attack Amalrik, Bukovsky and company for fear of presenting a Stalinist image to the West. Yet they are equally incapable of embracing the cause of human rights within the Soviet bloc, because their own rank and file will not tolerate such an "anti-Soviet" position. In short, it appears that President Carter's human rights campaign has exposed the apostles of eurocommunism for what they really are: a group which speaks of democracy and pluralism only in the future tense, insofar as it concerns a hypothetical advance to power on their own part. From Madrid to Rome, eurocommunism has had its liberal mask pushed sharply to one side, and its old undemocratic, unwaveringly pro-Soviet face has reemerged.

Michael Ledeen

Michael Ledeen, a foreign affairs specialist, recently returned to the United States after living in Italy.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IF YOU'RE NOT AFRAID OF BEING RIGHT TOO SOON


WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE CIVIL SERVICE
WHAT'S RIGHT WITH THE ELECTORAL COLLEGE
The Washington Monthly
APRIL 1977/$1.50
James David Barber on Nixon, Ford, and Carter

Subscribe to The WASHINGTON MONTHLY and get the April issue free. In it you'll read a new article by James David Barber on Richard Nixon, Gerald Ford, and Jimmy Carter.

In 1969, THE WASHINGTON MONTHLY was the first to publish Barber's prophetic analysis of the character of Richard Nixon—an article that became part of *The Presidential Character*, which was published in 1972 and attracted admirers like Jimmy Carter, who said, "I think I have been heavily influenced by James Barber's writings and I think a lot of my ideas come from there."

In 1970, five years before the near-bankruptcy of New York, THE WASHINGTON MONTHLY, the liberal magazine that questions liberal orthodoxy, began its attack on the swollen bureaucracies, questioned the high salaries and pensions of civil servants, and warned of the growing power of public employees' unions.

THE WASHINGTON MONTHLY was the first magazine to reveal the political contributions of the dairy lobby, and in an article that won two of journalism's most distinguished awards, the first to tell of the Army's spying on civilian politics.

It was the first to report why Congress didn't investigate Watergate before the 1972 election, and in so doing became the first monthly magazine to do original reporting about Watergate. In an article that won yet another award, it told why the White House press didn't get the Watergate story.

On January 10, 1976, THE WASHINGTON MONTHLY went to press with an article saying that Jimmy Carter was the clear leader in Iowa, New Hampshire, and Florida. We were right about all three.

Now, in 1977, THE WASHINGTON MONTHLY is first again—with a new article by Barber. Get a free copy as a bonus with your half-price introductory subscription.

The Washington Monthly

1028 Connecticut Avenue NW
Washington D.C. 20036

Please send me James David Barber's new article on Nixon, Ford, and Carter and enter my subscription at $8—half the regular price.

☐payment enclosed ☐bill me NR71

name _____

address _____

city _____ state _____ zip _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Thoughts while being held hostage.

From the Concrete Floor

They burst through the door with guns—clips from a movie suddenly turned three-dimensional; the fantasies of the screen spilled out and encompassed the spectator; the technicolor of blood spurted at the English wool of a three-piece suit, at wall-to-wall carpeting.

The formica tops of our desks are guaranteed against scratches and stains; the filing cabinets are Scandinavian sleek; our selectric typewriters are in ultramarine and fuchsia. Unobtrusive design, careful color-coordination. But there is no place to hide from the gun. The interior designer did not factor in threats to all this prettiness.

The man aiming a submachine gun at civilians is a pose clipped from the front page, as familiar by now as the equestrian statue in city squares. He is the terrorist who takes hostages, sets deadlines for executions, and governments must meet his demands. The avenging angel of injustice? the model revolutionary of the second half of the 20th century? the apostolic successor to the bolsheviks who pillaged the mansions of the rich and drove out the middle class to establish the dictatorship of the proletariat? The descendents of the *sans culottes* who stormed the Bastille and guillotined the aristocrats? A reincarnation of 14th and 15th century peasant rebels attacking the manors with clubs and cutlasses? If it were that simple! If social class indeed determined consciousness; if the rich man's contumely or the grinding poverty detailed by Victor Hugo and Maxim Gorky explained everything!

Lying on the concrete floor, with face down and arms tied behind my back, I am trying to understand my captors.

Religion is one complicating factor. Our captors went back 1300 years looking for a nascent, pristine Islam with a code of honor based on the sword and retribution as the *leitmotif*. Out of the crowded black streets of Washington, they moved to spacious homes in good neighborhoods. (I remember seeing their fine stone house on 16th Street, with an immaculate lawn, next to one of the largest synagogues in town.) But for their minds, they chose the unseen landscape of the Arabian desert.

I listen to their explications of Islam, the True Faith, and of the jihad or holy war they are waging against Jews and other infidels. I hear their tirades against Jews as the lords and bankers of the American slave trade, and as controllers of the CIA, South Africa's government and the world economy. I witness fury when one of them mentions his humiliations in prison. I try to analyze sudden anger directed against the contents of a woman's purse they empty on the floor. I note the language used—four-letter word upon four-letter word, modified by four-letter words. It's unrelieved hatred, total frustration; it's rage.

Their leader, who calls himself General Khaalis, has their allegiance—unquestioned, apparently without limitations. Why do these men believe with such blind passion? Why do they need to? What strikes us as madness is to them faith that fills their lives.

Khaalis is not Macbeth with one burning ambition, nor Captain Ahab with a single obsession. A strutting Mussolini? Stalin? Hitler? The images don't fit; the metaphors limp. His is too much a game of chance that changes as he plays it. Or his plan is too complex for us to decipher.

Where is the heart of his darkness? Revenge for the gruesome slaughter of his family? Then why did he attack B'nai B'rith's headquarters, the municipal government, the Islamic Center? The *Islamic Center*? Is he out to gain public exposure, to see himself reflected—oh that thirst of Narcissus!—on the TV screen? To gain fame and stature and world acclaim?

As victims, we comprise too random a sample: at least half Christian, the rest Jews; more than one-third blacks; scores of secretaries and a dozen executives; house painters and maintenance men.

There are threats of decapitation and a routine of visits to the bathroom. Water is distributed by the older man, now lucky to be untied. But the first day they were marked for execution. Sandwiches are brought in but our legs are tied with wire, and they check if the bond is strong enough in case our bodies have to be dragged.

Lectures on Deir Yassin and the *Protocols of the Elders of Zion*. A loosening of the bonds and an execution canceled—postponed?—in the last minute. "Relax, take it easy," and, in the next moment, "We are going to kill you with two bullets for each man." Is a quick swipe by the machete more painless than bullets? Do we get a choice? What if they spray the crowd with submachine guns?

I cannot detect a method behind all the madness. If we are going to be killed, what is taking them so long and why all the sound and fury? Are the lectures to convince us or to intimidate us? But if their intention is to brainwash, then why should they kill us? It is the absurdity that frightens me most. The total unpredictability suggests that this performance will not end without a burst of gunfire, the swoosh of machetes. This genre of science fiction does not allow a happy end.

How the body hurts from lying on the concrete floor for hours! As time passes, the shoulders, the arms, the thighs, the back, the elbows become incredibly sore. The bonds cut into wrists, the flesh around them swells as if stung by bees.

Khaalis walks back and forth in the empty space between the men's and women's sections. He preaches, he threatens, he brandishes his machete or

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pistol. We are his audience, his congregation, his subjects.

What is his ideology? Is it right or left? Pro-Palestinian? What kind of Moslems are they? Okay, they are not interested in the contents of our wallets and pocketbooks, but do they perhaps want a big ransom? Or a safe passage to Algeria or Libya or Uganda? Which country would take them? In which society could they live peacefully?

Could they have come from another planet, from outer space?

Is this a glimpse of the future? Small, determined bands of men will blackmail governments—superpowers otherwise inaccessible, unreachably impersonal. Threats of murder or sabotage will be ways to get satisfaction, to press a grievance, to stop the world.

Our liberation was quick and unexpected. The gunmen walked out of the movie.

It's great to be alive. And I am with all the characters of Gorky who exclaim, apropos of nothing, "Oh life," or declare to the world that life is glorious.

Charles Fenyvesi

Charles Fenyvesi is editor of *The National Jewish Monthly*, a B'nai B'rith publication.

I have seen the present, and it works.

The Passionate Socialist

by Henry Fairlie

Sitting back after the convention of the Democratic Socialists, I find that I am still sure that what I saw is the beginning of something unusual and important. It is true that a young whippersnapper has said, "Henry goes to a meeting, and comes back saying that he has 'seen the future.'" The quip can sting, but it cannot hurt, since it is against an infatuation with "the future" that one has stood guard all one's life, with deeds and words, making small and rough-and-ready claims for the present.

As Hitler's future—the Reich that would last a Thousand Years—churned its way across Europe, the gentle poet and scholar, Rex Warner, wrote an extraordinary novel, *The Aerodrome*. It has been reprinted in hard covers, and even published in paper covers, but it remains a novel known only to a few. The aerodrome is a clean, efficient place on the edge of an English village, run by the Air Vice-Marshal as his concept of "the future": orderly and hygienic, with a staff dedicated to the point of self-sacrifice. The hero at first is attracted to the aerodrome's apparently noble idealism, but in the end he revolts in favor of the untidiness and disorder of the village. He says, (and I quote only from memory): "My father was right! Life is intricate, fierce as tigers, and infinitely forgiving." In such a mood, one doesn't "see the future."

The opposite view is to be found, of course, in Samuel P. Huntington's famous paean to the order of West Point, in contrast to the disorder of the small town that is near it. All military academies—Sandhurst and St. Cyr as well as West Point and Annapolis—"see the future." It is part of their greatness, which cannot be denied, and certainly part of their attraction. But their traditions are phony: not the untidiness of the past, but abstracts from the past with which to "see the future." Every cadet is—and is intended to be—a model of a model future that will be orderly and predictable.

Military academies are rather like utopias: they leave out ordinary life, and they do not trust the present, its disorderliness and unpredictability. It is the present that is infinitely forgiving, just as it is fierce as tigers. It is today that forgives today. There is no need to wait until tomorrow to see some plan unfold; the blessing is now.

Against all cosmologies, against all tyrannies, against all systems of philosophy, against all the scripts of theology, against all historicism, against all futurism, against all that will confine our present and the forgiveness it bestows, men and women fight as strongly as the first crocus that even now is thrusting its green shoot through the iron-grip earth of winter. There is no way of taking away from men and women their blundering concern with today. Not even Alexander Solzhenitsyn understands this. He comes from his huge spaces of Russia, its huge timelessness, and asks the West, asks our little day-to-day societies, to be like the steppes, like the czars, like the orthodox church, like the future.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Glorious in a way he is: of course he is. But he is also dangerous if believed. He has no concept of the disorder of Western life. He cannot bear its untidiness. He cannot bear the fact that free people govern themselves through institutions that are as inefficient as the US Congress apparently is. He wants laws for freedom passed; he does not want them muddled and confused. The bother about Russia is that it never knows what to do with today. This is one reason why its novels are so long: it always hopes that tomorrow will come—the future—and write the last chapter.

What I found among the Democratic Socialists at the Holiday Inn in Chicago was the present: a liking for today, a willingness to be in the present. "Fierce as tigers"—yes, they were that—but also "infinitely forgiving"; and there one touches the redemption our century needs.

How casually—and yet uncasually—over a mid-morning drink in a bar, one of the leaders of the Democratic Socialist Organizing Committee used the word "redemption" to me. The bother about many of "the left," he said, is that they reject the idea of redemption. They search into a politician's views about the war in Vietnam, and condemn him because he was wrong instead of praising him because he is redeemed. This was an able and intelligent and serious man, able to single out, from his own knowledge and experience, the difference between Henry Kissinger and Zbiginiew Brzezinski; and I do not use his name only because I think that his value lies partly in remaining unidentified. But he is right when he insists on the idea of redemption; it happens around us all day.

I am asked, who were these people that they touched me so much? It is as if I were meant to be some goddamn political scientist, with little catalogues of percentages, to show that they come from such-and-such an age group, social class, income group, race and creed. I cannot tell you things like that. I see faces, and I hear voices, and I know when I am made to laugh at all the impertinences of our own times. That is really all I have to tell you: the sense that I have been among people who are attractive, in a way that has become rare. And they are attractive for the two reasons that I have already given: they live in today; and they believe in the power of redemption, of what Christians call grace.

They are people at work. They are presently at work on President Carter. They may hesitate to celebrate his arrival; they may doubt; they may be prepared for disappointment. But at the moment, they are ready to work on this man, in order possibly to work with him. They have the sense that someone unusual has moved into the White House—not all that much to be trusted, but also not all that much to be disdained; and there is now an opportunity to do good things.

Just as Michael Harrington, although providing leadership, can hardly be entitled a leader; and just as Irving Howe, although a teacher, is not listened to as a guru; so Jimmy Carter is certainly not perceived as some archangel of the Lord, his wings beating out, gold and brilliant, the hymns of truth and goodness, and light. President Carter is a politician—obviously one of the most skilled politicians of our times—and as a politician they will treat with him, until he commits some outrage which, as Michael Harrington said, he has not yet committed.

They will bring to bear on Jimmy Carter the weight of his promises, for they believe in those promises, having in part been responsible for writing them into the Democratic party platform last year. That is all they are asking: that he should look to his own promises. I would not underestimate the political vitality of these people. I think they have an uncommon access to this administration; I think they are skilled at the electoral level, and skilled, then, in their impact on Congress and state legislatures; I think they are mobilizers, that their name is exact: *organizing* committee.

I think there is a dangerous streak in Rep. John Conyers, valuable man though he is, because his anger tends to push him into positions of isolation. That is why I tussled with him: because he seemed ready to cut off every limb with which he might approach another useful person, and to cut off the limbs with which they approached him. I like his anger; that does not worry me. Without anger, there is no movement against the impertinences of greed. But I like anger then to be made useful; and when I hear the legitimate anger of John Conyers turned into rejection of useful allies, it makes me sad and—indeed—angry in return.

There is no way of moving this country without the support—the honest and given support—of the relatively secure and relatively comfortable white middle class. (I hate the word "affluent," because most of these relatively secure and relatively comfortable people are not affluent at all, which is why they do a lot of their shopping at Sears and Montgomery Ward.) What then is the issue on which, once again, one can bring the marvellously generous American middle class back into action? That is the question. It is the only question.

As I was thinking about all this, I found a copy of Josiah Royce's book, *The Philosophy of Loyalty*. Royce was a majestic American philosopher at the turn of the century. At war—at comely war—with those other majestic American philosophers of the time, William James and John Dewey, he maintained a position that rings like a bell today. Carried across the breadth of America as a child to write what is still the best book ever written about California, he wrote as an American; and in that book, *The Philosophy of Loyalty*, he works his way in and out of the whole business of how as human beings we reconcile our furious individual selves with our social concerns; how one retains one's individuality, even as one surrenders oneself to a cause.

To be so strong in one's own individuality that one can surrender oneself to a cause: that is what our

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

century needs, as it ploughs through its last hell-bent years. Surely the causes are obvious. There is unemployment when there is no need for unemployment. There is poverty when there is no need for poverty. There is undernourishment when there is no need for people to be hungry. There is lack of shelter when we can easily make more roofs than in the entire history of man so far. Something is grievously at fault in our still-wonderful civilization, and it hurts. It hurts a lot.

Our century has not been all that bad. I used to walk to school with the daily evidence of deformed children around me. It is very easy to say that those deformations are less frequent now because of the advances of medical science, but it is untrue. Someone had to give those advances to the poor. Politics gave it to them. Forty years ago, most of the poor kids on their way to school had rickets, or whatever, diseases of malnutrition. Those have almost all but gone in our "affluent" societies, although not in the "third world." But there are other forms of malnutrition, and they hurt also. They are things one cannot abide. We are moral beings. We are hurt by public disgrace.

To see on the street, to see in a bar, to see in one's own sitting room, people who are undernourished in their minds, as once they were undernourished in their limbs, is an intolerable hurt. If I can read Shakespeare with enjoyment, then I know that everyone can, and have his or her life enriched. I know this because as recently as 150 years ago, I would have been a mere peasant digger amongst the heavy earth, like a pig.

Excellence is something one sees only as available to others. I should tell you of the eloquence at the DSOC meeting. But eloquence needs space. It rubs one the wrong way—but still the best way—like the marvellous given humor of James Farmer. It marks one's forehead, like the stamp of intelligence, as in the words of Irving Howe. It moves one with precision to action, like the commanding oratory of Michael Harrington. It brings back the past to illuminate the present, in the words of every trade unionist who spoke. And let me say one simple thing: trade unionists have memories, they have very long memories, and their value is vital to our lives.

To hold the care for the present day: no one is doing it but the DSOC. Of course part of their care for the present day comes from their extraordinary historical sense of the past. They do not have a "usable past," as the liberals would ask. They have a past. When they reach back in their memories, they allow the past to be the past. They make the past alive, which is why they are alive themselves in the present. They do not ask the past to teach; they ask it to be. They let it be. They do not ask it to emerge, grand and imperious, to tell us what the future can be; they remember it, and let it alone. *World of Our Fathers*: indeed that is where the present lies on our backs, every moment a recovery of sense. If you have the past, and like the past, you do not need to "see the future." Embedded in every person is a life-force, as George Bernard Shaw often described it, that makes every day as immediate as a weather report.

I love weather reports: they are marvellous scooped-up bits of history. I don't believe them when they tell me what the weather will be like tomorrow, I don't try to "see the future" in them. I just love their sense of history. "Well, way back here"—and a television arm points to Seattle—"a storm is approaching . . . should reach us by Saturday." It never does reach us precisely as they predict. Something else intervenes. Weather reports are such beautifully built-in history that they almost make one cry.

And do you know why I think the DSOC will reach the heart of the relatively secure and the relatively comfortable white middle class in America? Because it will tell them of their history. When that white middle class piled in behind the civil rights movement it piled in behind its own history, not behind the blacks' history. This class found it an affront to have blacks treated as they were. I think that the white middle class is affronted by the main issue which the DSOC has chosen: unemployment. Its own children are unemployable in this capitalist society, but I do not think that is where the affront comes from. Anyone who meets a panhandler on the street, and feels the irritation at being so bothered, is aware of the vulgarity of capitalism. There is no reason why I should be molested to keep Chase Manhattan alive. I do not regard beggars as an acceptable part of my society. I see no reason why I should be punished by the evidence of casualties. My society can put them to work; my society can build good libraries for them; my society can educate them; my society can make them beautiful, to meet and talk to and look at.

It is the affront to my own sensibilities that I argue from. Just as I detested the evidence of deformed people in my youth, I detest the evidence of them now. I see no reason why my society should make me guilty about the poverty of others. With all the wealth about, why should I have to leave my house and find a beggar? Andy Young is right—heavens, is he right, and bless his President for allowing him to speak—it is intolerable to think, these days, of poor people in South Africa, in the "third world." This society of mine—this really valuable Western society—could turn itself around tomorrow and give a child in Africa a better chance. It could do that tomorrow.

The will is there in our political systems—we have nothing for which to apologize on that score. And the feeling is there in our literature and our art; we can hardly apologize for those. But we are stumped every moment by a thing called "capitalism." It is not capitalism. It is greed and meanness and insecurity. It is abominable. It has to be removed, in the next quarter century.

With the help of allies like Jimmy Carter, our lives are momentarily at our command.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What Henry Heard

Here are some edited excerpts from the keynote speech at the Democratic Socialist Organizing Committee convention in Chicago.

Let your minds go back in time. At a meeting of workers in Berlin in the 1870s, a social democrat named August Bebel speaks. He advances a new vision of human action and possibility. He tells his audience that men who work with their hands need not be subordinate and mute, need not assume that the destinies of nations are always to be decided by superiors in power. He tells his listeners that they, too, count. They count in their numbers, they count in their capacities to come together, they count in their crucial role in the productive process, they count in their readiness to sacrifice. The mute will speak, the shapeless mass is now to act as a coherent class, the objects of history will become subjects prepared to transform it. This was the socialist message, the socialist vision as it began to be heard a little more than a century ago. It was heard in England in the night schools, in the labor colleges, sometimes on the edges of the dissident chapels, through the eloquence of Keir Hardie. It was heard in France through the more revolutionary traditions of that country, in the Paris Commune where organs of plebeian autonomy were being improvised. And even here in America, it was heard among immigrants packed into slums or sweating over railroad beds. It was heard among freewheeling sailors and lumbermen who preferred a syndicalist version of revolt. It was heard among Jewish immigrants on the East Side, it was heard among intellectuals and Christian pastors in New York who found that the promptings of thought and sympathy drove them to the socialist vision.

After more than a century, many hopes have been burned out into ashes, whole generations have perished in despair, movements have been drowned in blood, and many people in those movements have lapsed into silence. The socialist idea is no longer young, no longer innocent, and now must compete in a world of sophistication. It cannot hope to grow through mere simple reiteration of simple slogans. Yet failures and critics apart, anyone looking at the world today must be struck by the power which this idea still holds: the devotion that millions of people, mostly in Europe but elsewhere too, still give to it.

We know the mistakes and the failures of this past century. The notion that as soon as *we* take power, all would be well: this serious people can no longer believe. Who is that we—which self-appointed vanguard? The notion that democracy, even in its most corrupted forms, is anything but a precious human conquest, that it's just a façade for the rule of the oppressors: this serious people can no longer believe. The notion that social change will come about through the automatic workings of the economy, without human will or intention, just like the opposite notion that history can be forced or raped through the will of a tiny sacrificial band of chosen intellectuals: this, too, serious people can no longer believe. Intellectuals today, despots tomorrow. We know that the socialist movement declined at many points into a mere appendage of laborite institutions, in some countries into self-appointed agencies for doing dirty jobs, and that these institutions could not bring about the deep changes that we want in society. We know that in some countries the socialist movement degenerated through the communist heresy into totalitarianism, bringing a kind of salvation—the salvation of terror and fear. Yet these failures and mistakes notwithstanding, there remains a living core of socialist belief, commitment, value.

At one point that living core is very close to liberalism: a belief in the widest possible political freedoms, a belief that democracy remains the basis, the one indispensable foundation of all that we want. Without that democracy, nothing is possible, life becomes unbearable. But socialism introduces something new, historically and analytically. It introduces the idea that the plebes, the masses, the unwashed, the ordinary people can rise to articulation, rise to rulership, to power. Sometimes this means the working class *per se*. More sophisticated socialists would include a much wider range of the population—all the bottom dogs, all the exploited and misused, the blacks, the women, the large mass of humanity.

We have faith in the capacities of ordinary people, not to become experts in finance, not to understand the mysteries of inflation—though they can hardly do worse on this than the experts—not to grasp the finer points in energy policy, but to come—perhaps not directly, perhaps in tortuous ways—but still to come to sensible, humane conclusions about the major directions of social decisions. If you deny this, you deny not only socialism, you deny the fundamental moral basis of democracy as well.

Socialism also introduces the stress on communal life, on the sharing of values, the sharing of responsibility, the sharing of power. We believe the democracy that prevails, more or less, in our political process should also prevail in our economic life, in the ownership and the running of our corporations. We believe that the major economic direction of modern society, at least in the advanced nations, is toward an increasing state of dictation of the economy; the vision of laissez-faire has no reality, except in the literary productions of certain magazines. We believe that the fundamental issue is this: what will be the relationship between the democratic political process and the increasingly complex stratified economy of modern society? And the control that we want democracy to exert upon the modern economy is not through statism, as our enemies call it, not through a vast state bureaucracy, not through some fantasy of total nationalization, but rather through democratic and autonomous agencies which will represent the people who work in a given industry as well as the population at large, so that there can be a balance between particular interests of those in a given industry and the larger interests of the entire society. This commitment to the democratization of economic life is at the heart of the socialist idea today. Democracy here, democracy there, democracy everywhere. The idea is simple, the techniques necessarily complex and difficult.

With this idea there goes an emphasis on egalitarianism. That word is not very fashionable these days in American intellectual life, but we will survive that too. Egalitarianism doesn't mean that everyone has to make exactly $148.53 a week. We wish to reassure people like William Buckley and Irving Kristol that they'll always be able to make a few

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bucks extra. But it means that the vast disproportions of opportunity and power, which bring with them vast disproportions of the capacity for human fulfillment, should be shaved down a lot.

The socialist movement already has done a lot, has gone part of the way. The kinds of welfare states that we have in Western society—two thirds of the way perhaps in Scandinavia, maybe about a fifth of the way in America—are not the consequence of ineluctable, inevitable economic trends beyond human intervention. Nor are they the result of devious schemes on the part of the ruling powers to lull the people into apathy by a few concessions. They may be those things in some small part, but they are largely the result of human struggle, of decades and decades of struggle by socialist, labor and liberal movements. The things that I find my students take for granted—social security, unemployment insurance, old age pensions—people had to fight for. Blood was shed for those things. The people who fought for them were called dreamers, idealists, utopians. These are the conquests that our movement has contributed, has contributed to, here and in Europe. And today when they fight for democracy in India against Madame Gandhi's repression, it's the Indian socialists who stand at the head of that fight. The worldwide movement—tendency, impulse, call it what you will—toward human economy, toward human decency, toward human freedom, some of us have a shorthand name for it: we call it socialism.

In the last few years, we've been living through some disappointments with America's one-fifth welfare state. People see that partial reforms bring only partial relief, that partial reforms inadequately financed can bring unexpected trouble, that partial reforms occuring in the context of the market and distorted by the priorities of corporate interests and mismanaged by government bureaucracy can lead to anti-social consequences. But the conclusion to be drawn from this is not some childish desire—impossible in the modern economy, in any case—to return to a laissez-faire or private economy. If, for instance, Medicare as we have it now leads to ripoffs by doctors, the answer isn't to abolish it or to turn down national health insurance; the answer is to deepen the social content and democratic control of health insurance, making certain that such ripoffs don't continue. They don't have these ripoffs in various European countries; it's not inevitable to have them here. When I read articles by reactionary snobs like William Buckley attacking government programs and using corruption as an argument against health insurance, it makes my blood boil. Of course corruption is shameful and should be brought to an end. But that the flaws and abuses of health insurance—and this can stand for many other things—should be used as an argument against it, that the threadbare slogans about private medical care, private medical care for people who have incomes of $6000 or $7000 a year, should be trotted out after the exposure of how some doctors are cheating: that was shameful. It's open season for attacks on the welfare state. Scoundrels on the right often comfortable in their inherited wealth bleat about government interference—interference, yes, between the masses of old people and the wretchedness they would face if there were no Medicaid or Medicare.

A lot of the traditional socialist criticisms of capitalist society—the simplest, most fundamental criticisms that highly sophisticated fellows like myself now blush a little bit to offer—still apply. Citrus growers in Florida are delighted by the bad weather because it cuts down their crops and will keep up their prices. As long as these people have to function in this economy, I cannot blame them. It makes perfect economic sense. But seen in terms of any larger social value and social end, it's pure insanity. We should be unhappy at cutbacks in citrus production. There are lots of kids in the United States who could use those oranges. We could all use them at cheaper prices, or we could even—there go those socialist do-gooders—ship them at low prices to other places. But that would mean a socially planned and organized economy, a society that we used to say, and could well say again, is organized for use and not profit.

Just at the time when there are so many troubles, so many social ills, when clearly the system is not working well, we can detect a new wave of neo-conservatism or really reactionary thought. Conservative sages demonstrate that the poor remain poor because they are improvident: you need a PhD for that. Others teach us that there are limits to social policy, more urgently felt as it happens with regard to providing employment for black youth than bounty for Lockheed and Penn Central. Still others, curators of wisdom, invoke the fallen nature of mankind—as if once Eve bit into that fatal apple, it was forever decreed that humanity might reach the peaks of laissez-faire capitalism, but not move an inch beyond. A distinguished economist, back from celebrating the beauties of a market economy for the junta of murderers who rule Chile, offers us the verity that there is no free lunch; to which I, a non-economist, reply: but of course there is. If you have too much provision and I not enough, then when you yield a little, just a little, I may have a free lunch. But free lunches, you understand, damage moral fiber, especially that of undernourished children. The assault on the welfare state is an assault on the deprived, the poor, the blacks. And the shame is that a growing number of intellectuals in America have joined this.

This kind of retreat from liberalism, from the welfare state, from social generosity—this retreat into social meanness which goes under the name of realism—isn't going to take care of the problems that we find about us. It isn't going to take care of those 40 percent of black youth suffering unemployment in the cities, for example. I think that there is slowly gathering, perhaps too slowly gathering, a new wave of social energy. I think there's still a lot of untapped energy and idealism left over from the 1960s. Our path in America is very hard and very crooked. Michael Harrington and I have indulged in a little fantasy: how much easier life for both of us would have been if we had been born in certain European countries. Here in America we have to join with everyone who is ready to fight for a little more now—better health care, new housing programs, all of these little things. We must not condescend to them, we must not underestimate how important they are. Yet we also have to say that these things are inadequate. They patch up an unjust society, but they don't begin to apply the vast national resources that we have here to our vast human needs. To say both kinds of things, to say them at the same time, to keep a balance between the near and the far: that's what it means to be a socialist in America today. And slowly we are building a new socialist movement.

Irving Howe

Irving Howe is a literary critic and old socialist. This year he is a fellow of the National Humanities Institute at Yale.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Q: "But suppose we find ourselves in a hostile world?"
A: "If we find ourselves in a hostile world, our foreign policy has been idiotic."

The Real Paul Warnke

*Editor's note: The following interview with Paul Warnke is excerpted from two long conversations last October. This was before Jimmy Carter was elected President, and before Warnke knew he would become our chief SALT negotiator and director of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency. We think it is likely, therefore, that this interview reflects Warnke's true views about disarmament, unclouded by the representations of his critics during the stormy confirmation debate, or by his own elaborations under pressure (although Warnke did read the interview recently and make some minor changes). We also think this interview confirms the confidence we expressed in Warnke when we endorsed him for his new job (*TNR, *Feb. 19). The interviewer was Walter Miale, who questioned Warnke in connection with his forthcoming book,* The Bomb: An Introduction to Nuclear War.

Question: Mr. Warnke, is America Number One in the world at this time?

Warnke: Well, I'm unquestionably affected by my chauvinism, so I'd say, sure it's Number One in the world. But the question is, Number One in what?

Question: Are our defenses second to none?

Warnke: Our defenses are clearly second to none at the present time.

Question: You have written that we should recognize that military spending is not the exclusive or even predominant means of achieving national security. What do you mean by that? Doesn't America's position in the world come before everything else?

Warnke: Yeah, but what that comes down to is a question of what is enough to insure your physical security from an external military attack. That's a different matter from maintaining some sort of quantitative or qualitative superiority across the entire spectrum of weapons systems. I think Henry Fairlie was right when he said recently that the first of the social services is to be able to protect yourself against aggression, because that's the social service upon which all the other social services in your society depend. But I think there is no question but that we could defend American territory with a fraction of what we are spending. I'm not saying that is the sole objective of our military forces; we should also be in a position where we can do what's necessary to assure the security and autonomy of our essential allies, primarily Europe and Japan. Even for that, however, we don't necessarily have to spend more money than we are spending at the present time; we probably could spend less.

Question: There has been so much talk lately, and over many years really, about how the Russians are moving ahead. Is there anything to that?

Warnke: I would say there is nothing to it if by "moving ahead" you mean moving ahead of the United States in terms of effective military capability. They are certainly moving ahead of where they used to be. But I think that's quite natural. You have to anticipate that if you have the capacity not to be second best, and you've got the will not to be second best, then you are going to try to catch up with whoever is Number One.

Question: Don't you think it's important that we remain Number One?

Warnke: It depends on what you mean by "remaining Number One." At the present time we have far more strategic capability than the Soviet Union, but it's essentially meaningless. We both have more than enough nuclear weapons to destroy each other. So if you're asking whether we should try to preserve all the kinds of advantages in the strategic nuclear field that we have had over the Soviet Union, I'd say that is basically unimportant. What is important is that we have the capability to see to it that the Soviets can't use or threaten to use their own nuclear weapons. And we have that capability at the present time. And this is not challenged.

Question: So what is behind these constant alarm calls? Is it pure hysteria?

Warnke: No, I don't think it's pure hysteria. I think it stems from a variety of sources. For one thing, there is no question but that Americans are chauvinistic; we like being Number One. We like winning the Olympics. I think Tom Moorer, when he was Chairman of the Joint Chiefs, at one point said "I think it's important

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that America be Number One in everything." Now that is typical of the kind of bombast that our European friends and our friends elsewhere have always sort of resented.

Question: But how can you say that military superiority need not amount to anything?

Warnke: It depends on what you mean by superiority. Certainly, if the Soviet Union had such a gross numerical advantage as to be perceived as being quote superior close quote to the United States, that would put us at certain political disadvantages even though the military significance of this might be relatively small. When it comes to nuclear weapons, political perception is important. That's one of the reasons why I've always felt that it's a very bad idea for Americans to poormouth their capability and to talk as though they thought that the Soviet Union somehow was superior to us. It isn't.

Let's look at it this way: The Soviet Union has more missile launchers than we have. Now that is a kind of "superiority" which is clearly without any kind of significance, *unless by our own rhetoric we give it political significance that it does not deserve.*

In the most meaningful measure, which is individually deliverable nuclear warheads, we still have something close to a three-to-one lead. And even that doesn't give us any meaningful superiority over the Soviet Union.

With conventional forces, you have a different kind of a balance. There, certain types of numerical leads can be militarily significant. If battleships were still relevant and we had 25 battleships, let's say, and the Soviet Union had 40, then if each side sank 25 of the other's, we would end up with none and they would end up with 15. Now that would be something meaningful. But if we had 4000 or 6000, they would not thereby have a superiority, because after an exchange of 4000 warheads they would be left with a totally destroyed society.

The fact is that nuclear weapons aren't like conventional weapons in this regard. I think this is probably where I disagree with Paul Nitze. He thinks that the Russians think of nuclear war as being a feasible sort of initiative. Therefore he thinks that the Russians think primarily in terms of who will be better off after a nuclear war is ended. In my view, this kind of thinking is on a level of abstraction which is unrealistic. It seems to me that instead of talking in those terms, which would indulge what I regard as the primitive aspects of Soviet nuclear doctrine, we ought to be trying to educate them into the real world of strategic nuclear weapons, which is that nobody could possibly win. Nor could anybody calculate what the consequences would be in the event of a strategic nuclear exchange.

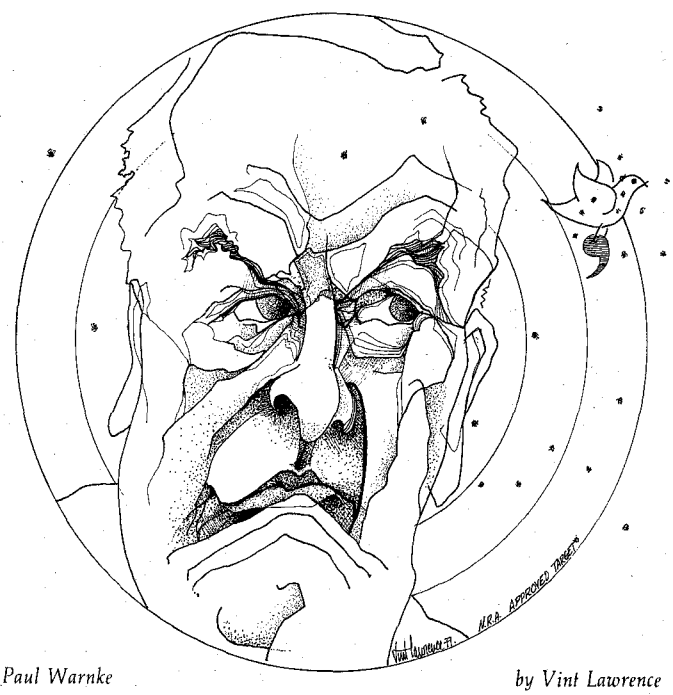
Question: There is disagreement within the arms control community about whether the United States should continue to go the SALT [Strategic Arms Limitation Talks] route or whether we should move to a policy of informal reciprocal restraint. What do you think about this?

Warnke: I don't regard the two approaches as alternatives. I think they could be complementary. One of the reasons SALT has made so little progress is that neither side has been prepared to exercise restraint and, while we negotiate, to look for reciprocal restraint. Instead of that, Dr. Kissinger has defended SALT I on the ground that it didn't prevent us from going ahead with all of our modernization programs. If you take that approach to SALT, you're not really going to end up with an effective agreement at any point. What you ought to do, I believe, is to use SALT as a context in which the United States and the Soviet Union move toward a policy of reciprocal restraint.

The conflict is not between SALT and restraint, but between the reciprocal restraint approach and the "bargaining chip" approach. The Nixon-Ford-Kissinger administrations have gone ahead with the bargaining chip approach and it hasn't worked very well. I think we ought to try the reciprocal restraint approach . . . .

Question: If the United States goes ahead and deploys the long-range cruise missile, doesn't that mean that the cruise missile will be with us for all eternity?

Mr. Warnke: Well, of course. That's been the history of nuclear arms developments. If we had been able to get down to serious business on the question of arms limitations before the decision to deploy MIRV



Paul Warnke *by Vint Lawrence*

"A Dropped Comma Divides the Senate on Arms Nominee"—*New York Times* headline, March 9, 1977.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

[Multiple Independently-targeted Re-entry Vehicles] was made in 1969, it would have been far, far better. Similarly, if we go ahead with the development and deployment of cruise missiles, we can be quite sure, based on the record, that within something like five years the Soviet Union will also have sophisticated long range cruise missiles. That is undesirable for a number of reasons. First of all, because it increases the difficulty of verifying a strategic arms agreement. In addition to that, it probably hurts our security relatively more than it does that of the Soviet Union, because our target cities are more accessible to sea-launched cruise missiles than theirs.

Question: Is it too late to stop the strategic cruise missile?

Warnke: It's not. It's not too late at all. But you've got to want to do it. The problem is there hasn't been civilian leadership that wants to do it; and there won't be unless there are a couple of new factors. First of all, you have to have an ACDA (Arms Control and Disarmament Agency) which really has some meaningful input . . . . In addition to that, you've got to have people in the Department of Defense who are dedicated to the proposition that effective arms control, which provides adequate protection, is better than going ahead with an arms race. And I don't think we've had that either. If you do have that, there are a number of measures you can take to get control over offensive nuclear weapons on both sides. You could have a mutual freeze. You could even try it on a "We're going to go first and then wait a short time and see what you do" basis.

Question: What should the roles of the American armed forces be? You have said that you have never seen a convincing statement about what the purpose of United States naval power is. Why then do you suppose that the American and Russian navies are going through continuous maneuvers opposite each other? Is it pure capriciousness?

Warnke: No, I think it's more nostalgia than capriciousness. I think that the Navy, perhaps to a greater extent than any of the other services, has been preparing to fight World War II all over again, rather than World War III. As a consequence we need an up-to-date look at what are the valid roles and missions of the United States Navy in today's world.

We have to prepare for the least unlikely military contingencies. These do not include a protracted war at sea. Assuming that we're willing to go to war with the Soviet Union and they with us, we aren't going to settle it by some sort of a gladiatorial contest at sea. It's like the Marine Corps, which is still optimized to perform an island-hopping mission in the Pacific. But unless we first arm the Japanese, and then encourage them to go to war against us, the chances of our having to fight that kind of war are virtually nil. So before determining whether we are spending too much money or too little money on the Navy, you have to decide what it is you want the Navy to do.

Question: You have said that some of the scenarios for a war at sea smack of science fiction. Are our military planners really that far out?

Warnke: I think the problem is not so much with the military, but that our civilian leaders have not told them what it is that they are supposed to do. In consequence, they are left at large to speculate. After all, we've told them for a period of about 30 years that we aren't going to fight a land war in Asia. And what kind of wars have we fought? Nothing but land wars in Asia. Under those circumstances, you can't blame the military for engaging in somewhat far-out speculation. They don't know what the crazy civilians are going to ask them to do. The problem is that we haven't sat down and started talking, not just about the cost of the defense budget, but about what it is that we need in order to protect American security and to advance American foreign policy objectives. What we need is to set up a new, realistic set of roles and missions. We haven't done this since 1948 . . . .

You can't expect the military to do that by themselves, because it's quite natural for them to try to protect the status quo. So you end up with the Air Force feeling that their mission is deep interdiction and as a consequence they need things like B-1s and F-111s and so forth. You have the Navy thinking that their function is to project increments of American military power on a global basis, so they want to have more attack carrier forces. And the Army is getting ready to fight Normandy all over again. Now, they are going to continue with those historic missions and those historic concepts until they are told otherwise.

Question: What are some alternative concepts of our military's missions?

Warnke: Let's look at it in terms of what it is that we ought to be prepared to do. Certainly, as I say, we ought to have the facilities to protect the vital sea lanes against low-level attacks. We ought to have also the coastal forces that would put us in such a position that there isn't going to be any attempt on the part of anybody to invade American territory. It's a high level of unlikelihood that anybody would try to do that, but it wouldn't take much to see to it that they couldn't succeed. So we've got to have that capability.

As far as the Army is concerned, you have got to have a quick reaction force that would be able to deal with the least unlikely military contingencies . . . . It ought to be in a position to respond to limited attacks for limited objectives. I think that it need not be designed primarily to fight a protracted war in Europe, which is where a hell of a lot of the expense of the Defense Department goes. That's a very unlikely kind of scenario . . . .

With regard to the Air Force, I think the emphasis on a deep interdiction mission should be replaced by a role of support of American ground forces engaged in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

repelling a Soviet attack on a fairly specific, fairly limited objective.

Question: The Defense Department has conceived one of its primary overall missions to be protecting American power for the purpose of keeping open our access to raw materials. Is that a valid mission?

Warnke: It depends on what the obstacle is to the supply of raw materials. Obviously, if the Soviet Union, as in one of Joseph Alsop's nightmares, were to try to go for the jugular vein of the West and throttle the supply of oil from the Middle East—well, that would be a functional declaration of war, and the United States should be prepared to respond by making war on the Soviet Union. But if this means for example that in the event of another oil boycott, the United States should be prepared to intervene militarily by occupying a sector of Saudi Arabia running down through Kuwait in order to assure us of a supply of oil, then I regard that as being just arrant nonsense. And if this is unrealistic as far as hydrocarbons are concerned, I think it is even less realistic in the case of other raw materials. For example, bauxite. Are we going to invade Jamaica if they raise the price of bauxite? Or suppose the black leadership takes over in Rhodesia and they decide they want to hold us up on chrome. Assuming that you thought it was either moral, or practical, or desirable, to try to intervene there militarily, I suspect that you might run into some opposition on the part of black American soldiers to the idea of going in and killing blacks in their own countries in order to take over their property.

Essentially my view is that a lot of these problems, such as access to raw materials, are not military problems; they're problems of diplomacy and sound foreign policy. I think if you are going to go about threatening the raw material suppliers and say, "Unless you sell to us on terms and conditions that we like, we're going to come and take them," this is just antithetical to any sort of sound foreign policy. And I don't think that our military leaders should be encouraged to think that they have to acquire the capability to engage in that sort of international piracy.

Question: But suppose we find ourselves in a hostile world?

Warnke: If we find ourselves in a hostile world, it's going to mean that our foreign policy has been idiotic. And until we find ourselves in a hostile world, let's not set out to make it hostile.

Everybody plays it in the Middle East, but nobody wins except the middlemen.

The Influence Game

by T.D. Allman

Kuwait

The commercialization of influence in the Middle East is a two-way street. We have spent millions of dollars purchasing influence with King Hussein at the same time he and other Middle East leaders have spent millions purchasing influence with us. The only clear beneficiaries of this trade are the middlemen, most of whom are former United States officials now in the private practice of influence peddling.

John W. O'Connell, CIA station chief in Amman during the crucial period leading up to King Hussein's crackdown on the Palestinians in Black September 1970, today is a Washington attorney with King Hussein's government as a client. According to official records, O'Connell's law firm has received more than $333,000 in payments from King Hussein. While O'Connell was CIA station chief in Amman, he paid Hussein to further US interests in Jordan. When O'Connell returned to the United States, Hussein paid him to further Jordanian interests in Washington.

There is nothing illegal about this. Former CIA officials, like all other US citizens, are entitled to sell their service to foreign governments, as long as they register as agents of those governments. Foreign governments are entitled to hire US citizens to represent their interests. But King Hussein clearly has not paid O'Connell a third of a million dollars for his legal expertise. Jordan has no significant legal disputes either with the US government or with American citizens. Hussein, perhaps from the same funds

T.D. Allman is Edward R. Murrow Fellow at the Council on Foreign Relations.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

provided by the CIA, has paid O'Connell a small personal fortune to exploit his contacts within the intelligence community for Hussein's own benefit—for example, continuing CIA payments to the King.

Putting aside the seaminess of it all, Jordan provides a good example of some of the questions the influence trade raises about the making of American foreign policy.

The job of a CIA station chief in Amman is to gather the most complete intelligence on Hussein and his regime. But CIA reports from Amman for years invariably have supported the interests of the Hussein lobby in Washington. The CIA continuously has committed itself to the survival of his regime even when the cost—both financially and politically—has been very high. US support for Hussein long ago ceased to be a means to an end in the Middle East, and became an end in itself.

The real question, therefore, is not what the US got from Hussein for its money, but what Hussein has gotten from his payoffs to Americans. The US government has found itself, in essence, paying leaders like Hussein to pay US officials like O'Connell to ensure that major policy alternatives never really are considered.

The problem is hardly limited to Jordan, which in the Mideast sweepstakes is small potatoes indeed. A labyrinth of these relationships threatens the coherence of American foreign policy all over the region. This is particularly true in the oil-rich states, where in recent years the cold cash gushing from under the hot desert has given the Arabs for the first time the kind of influence—not just over US policy, but over those who administer it—that they formerly complained only the Israel lobby and the Jewish vote in the United States could assure.

Here in Kuwait and the other oil-rich states of the Gulf, the question is not whether local officials can be 'bought' by the CIA. The question is whether the exercise of US foreign policy can be inoculated from contamination by such immense wealth. Where unimaginable wealth is concentrated in a few powerful hands, it is American officials—not foreign leaders—who find their independence endangered by the easy money that surrounds them.

The Gulf today is full of distinguished-looking Americans still in vigorous middle age, who move from country to country with all the style and deference befitting an important US official. They still call themselves 'ambassador' or 'general,' but they have taken early retirement from the US government, and their salaries now are paid by American corporations, or by foreign governments. They speak to Arabs with the authority of US officials, and to Americans with the authority of those enjoying an official relationship with the oil governments. The climate may be unsupportable, the local culture next to non-existent, the quality of life atrocious, routine travel expenses, excluding air fare, are calculated at $1000 a week. But these gentlemen have returned to the Gulf because it is the land of the inside track, the personal contact, the *quid pro quo*, where the fast buck is even faster than the Concorde, which whisks such operators down here from London every morning at nearly twice the speed of sound.

One frequent American visitor to Kuwait—almost as well known as Andy Warhol, who recently spent 10 days being entertained here and pronounced Kuwaiti art to be "quite good"—is Edmund 'Pat' Brown, former governor of California. Brown's law firm does lucrative business in the Gulf. Brown remains an important voice in California, and a significant one among liberals all across the United States. Neither Brown nor Warhol is likely to issue a manifesto condemning Israel in the near future. But the oil-rich Arabs understand that the process of winning friends and influencing people is more subtle than that. One diplomat stationed here put it this way: "Show me an artist who sells five major canvasses in the Arab world, and I'll show you a leader of the American cultural elite who's beginning to tell his friends injustice has been done on both sides in the Middle East. Show me a politician whose law firm has three or four big Arab customers, and I'll show you a statesman who appreciates the strategic necessity of an evenhanded US approach to the intricate problems of this part of the world."

The most notorious example remains former Vice President Spiro Agnew. Agnew remains on the payroll of the sheikh of Abu Dhabi. But it's a fluid market, where buyer sophistication is increasing and where what sells well one year cannot find customers the next. Respectable figures like Brown and Warhol are the wave of the future, while discredited and corrupt politicians like Agnew are losing value as fast as last year's model of any consumer durable.

Even before Henry Kissinger became the Arab world's most coveted house guest, the more sophisticated Arab oil states were careful to distinguish between anti-Zionism and anti-Semitism. Today almost none of the Arab oil states asks a US citizen to list his religion on a visa application. A recent American visitor who pointedly informed each Arab embassy that he was a Jew found that no one rejected his application. In several cases, indeed, it was ostentatiously expedited.

Such growing Arab sophistication may not bode well for Spiro Agnew's financial future. But it no doubt portends more, not less, effective Arab influence among Americans who really do possess financial, diplomatic, political and military influence of their own. It also increases the temptation of even very distinguished American officials to get out of low-paying diplomatic and intelligence posts while they still have something to sell that the Arabs want to buy.

One conspicuous example is former US ambassador

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to Saudi Arabia James Akins. To some Akins is a hero, who has done more than anyone else to further the Saudi-American special relationship, and thus to cap the rise in oil prices last winter when Saudi Arabia broke with OPEC over pricing policy. To others, however, Akins is an egotistical opportunist who has served his own interests more than those of the State Department during his Middle East career.

Legend has it that when Henry Kissinger paid his first visit to Saudi Arabia, he waited to speak privately with King Faisal. Contrary to all diplomatic practice, he ordered Ambassador Akins to wait outside. Akins threatened to resign on the spot, and Kissinger was forced to capitulate. Akins, winning for himself immense personal prestige with the Saudis, ushered Kissinger in, introduced him to the king, and remained throughout the meeting. Kissinger's revenge came later: two days before Akins became eligible for retirement with full pension rights, Kissinger dismissed him from the foreign service.

Since then, Akins has been exploiting his prestige in the Arab world as the Middle East representative of a firm operating out of Boulder, Colorado. US embassies throughout the region still make official appointments for him, and he has been received as a state visitor.

Akins visited most of the local rulers just as President Carter was taking office. As Akins arrived in the Mideast, a wire service published a report, widely reprinted here, that Ambassador James Akins was touring the region as the personal representative of Jimmy Carter. Akins thus was received with all the deference due the man who not only had introduced Henry Kissinger to King Faisal, but who presumably could introduce even the smallest emir to President Carter. Before leaving the Gulf, Akins was careful to deny publicly the report that he was on a mission for the new President. Akins went further, and made it clear that his supposedly intensive personal consultations with Carter before his trip in fact had been limited to a single long-distance telephone call. But irritated US diplomats here point out that Akins knocked down the incorrect report only after he had finished his tour, been received with regal honors wherever he went—and presumably negotiated a number of lucrative deals with local officials and businessmen.

Ambassador Akins is not alone in trading a job of executing US policy for one of providing what the Arabs want to buy. Nicholas Thacher, another former US ambassador to Saudi Arabia, regularly visits the region, seeking customers for the Wells Fargo Bank. William Stoltzfus, a former US chargé in Saudi Arabia and later ambassador to Kuwait, now sells stocks, bonds and real estate to the Arab officials to whom he formerly delivered diplomatic notes. Arthur Allen, formerly consul-general in Dhahran, the Saudi petroleum capital, now operates out of Dubai as a 'consultant.' A former US chargé in Bahrain, John Gatch, has founded the Sitra Corporation, which offers similar services.

Iran today is the main base for more than 50,000 Americans. Most of those with non-US-government jobs acquired them through contacts made while serving in the immense US official establishment in Teheran. USAID officials return, selling agricultural and engineering equipment. Communications officers retire, and are back in a few months operating the Shah's electronic sensoring network, which allows him to monitor all telephone and cable traffic in the Gulf. Military attachés who once trained the Iranian armed forces in the use of new sophisticated weapons come back to peddle even more destructive and expensive weapons systems.

"Your average Pentagon colonel who's served a couple of tours out here doesn't buy a lot in Florida any more," one US official said. "He buys an apartment in Teheran, and spends his last couple of years before retirement canvassing the big US aerospace companies, and the big Iranian arms dealers." Several American generals, at one time or another in charge of the massive US military program in Teheran, now are either on the payroll of Iranian corporations or representing US companies in the Middle East.

These large American expatriate communities, and the US corporations for which they work, form instant lobbies for policies of American support for the regimes who pay them.

The American citizens, goods and armaments flooding the Middle East might be interpreted as indications of unparalleled US influence among the most important oil-producing nations in the world. But the real question is: who really influences whom? After spending so much money and time in this part of the world, America's chief accomplishment has been to further the interests of neither the Arabs nor the Israelis, nor even its own national interest. What it has done is help to build up a tiny elite of both Arabs and Americans, who possess access to unimaginable riches—and whose vested interest lies neither in what is good for America nor what is good for the Middle East, but only in sustaining their own privileges under the status quo. The real problem is not that CIA station chiefs paid off King Hussein, or that he pays off CIA station chiefs. It is the symbiotic nature of their relationship, which by now extends to American ambassadors and Arab interior ministers, to the executives of US armaments firms and the Arabs with whom they do business.

The real significance of the Hussein payoff, and Carter's ritual praise for him, is that the whole process of US-Arab relations has become so corrupted by the ethic of the secret payment, the *quid pro quo* on the sly, that the real questions are never asked. How could they be, with so many Arabs and Americans alike so busy selling things to each other, and buying them back?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Stanley Kauffmann on theater

The Cherry Orchard

(Beaumont)

Andrei Serban's production of this Chekhov play is a battleground—and of some importance as such. Serban is the young Romanian director whose productions of Greek plays with his own company, done at LaMama in New York and throughout the US and Europe, have rightly earned him a high reputation. (*TNR*, Nov. 23, '74.) Though clearly influenced by Grotowski and Brook, those productions were thrillingly successful achievements in themselves. Then Serban did a production of Brecht's *Good Woman of Setzuan* that had some illumination in it but showed a basic discomfort with the very idea of "doing a play"—that is, fulfilling an author's design instead of making a new work derived (or not derived) from the author's script.

Now the trouble has increased. Serban's success with his own company has slid him out of that environment, out of the methods he developed with and for a permanent group, into a theater of jobbing actors operating under different perspectives. Of the invitations he got to work elsewhere, Serban accepted Joseph Papp's. (So his experience repeats, at a higher level, what happened to Richard Foreman when he left his own theater to direct *Threepenny Opera* for Papp.) Serban's production of *The Cherry Orchard* at the cavernous Beaumont has so little to do with what Chekhov put on paper, so little to do with what we expect in a performance of this play—with what, in my view, we have every vital esthetic right to expect—that it crystallizes the conflict of strong forces in the theater of this century.

Start with two stipulations. Serban is greatly talented, and he is not irrational. To note the bizarre materials in this production is not like noting the flabbiness in such traditional productions as Lee Strasberg's *Three Sisters* or Mike Nichols' *Uncle Vanya;* nor is it to cite perverseness, irrationality. A gifted and thoughtful man made some decisions. It's *that* fact that's disturbing: anything else would be trivial.

The prime decision was about the physical design. Serban decided not to supply the (requested) three realistic settings on the Ranevskaya estate: he and his designer Santo Loquasto decided instead to provide three impresssions of creeping desuetude. The first act is a light-colored stage and back drop—no walls—with some pieces of furniture under light-colored dust covers; and the motif is amplified in the fourth act when the same room is seen with no furniture at all, just that light backdrop and an immense light-colored cloth that is thrown forward over the floor as if the entire estate were being put under dust covers. So, from the start, Serban chose to abandon Chekhov's realism for a style of abstraction.

But then he contradicts this choice with two other styles: with literal devices, like the cherry orchard itself made visible through a scrim at the back, or Ranevskaya's dead son seen wandering between the trees when she speaks of him, or peasants hauling a heavy plow; and with sheer symbolism, like a rear projection of a gigantic modern factory predicting the future, or a little girl in a white gown who comes in at the very end carrying a sprig of cherry blossoms and kneels behind the dying old servant Firs.

Still the production holds generally to the keynote of abstraction. Two ideas seem to have been uppermost in Serban's mind. First, he remembers that Chekhov called the play a comedy and repeated it over and over again in correspondence. But, as Simon Karlinsky points out, this was a strategy against "the slow and mournful tempo he knew Stanislavsky would try to achieve," and at any rate what "Chekhov clearly had in mind was a high, serious comedy" like *Measure for Measure.* Second, Serban is apparently working out of the Meyerhold tradition in which the actor is an anti-naturalistic *performer* with at least as much relation to the circus as to psychology. But Meyerhold was a particularized genius working with a highly-trained ensemble against a dominant tradition exemplified—exalted—by the Moscow Art Theater. Serban is working with a group of actors hired for a few months with no Moscow Art reference point in sight.

So, on the one hand, there is a masterwork of poetic realism using character insight and emotional nuance to fix a crisis in Western civilization, and on the other hand there is a production that attacks the work with physicality, horseplay, and improvisation on the text rather than an attempt to embody the text.

The center of the play is the young merchant Lopakhin, the son of peasants who now can buy the estate where his parents labored but who does so with as much awe as triumph: an estate whose bankrupt owners, a middle-aged brother and sister, are unable to save it because they are incompetent, *unwilling* to face facts as being unworthy of their breeding, and whose troubles entangle the lives of a lot of people bound to them by blood and circumstance. Under Serban, the reticent, much-moved Lopakhin is transformed into a kind of simian who celebrates his purchase of the estate by leaping up and swinging round the columns of a dance pavilion. (No need to quote Chekhov's somewhat different stage directions.)

Shyness, in the clerk Yepikhdov and the maid Dunyasha, is cartooned into constant furniture-bumping by one and drawers-dropping by the other. Madame Ranevskaya (Irene Worth, utterly wasted here), in the moment before she leaves forever, runs three or four times in a circle around the huge stage. I suppose this was intended to externalize her impulse to "gather up" as many of her memories as she could, but it only made me think of a circus horse, thus underscoring the circus element in the Meyerhold legacy.

Well, that's enough. Hardly a moment

(continued on page 34)

Films Worth Seeing

Cousin Cousine. Fairy-tale sex posing as reality, but nicely French, so nice.

The Marquise of O. . . An exquisite film, in German, by Eric Rohmer out of Kleist. Not to be missed or forgotten.

Network. Paddy Chayefsky vs. the TV Establishment. Vigorous, phony, razzle-dazzling.

The Seven-per-cent Solution. Sherlock Holmes, Sigmund Freud, wit, dash, spoofery. *That's* entertainment!

SK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Contemporary Hungarian Poets

translated by Daniel Hoffman

Sándor Csoóri

I STOLE YOUR FACE

If you should turn from me, you will not be a stranger—
Behind you stands the ancient blazon of the sun;
Behind you, my life, an immortal shadow, silent
As a totem bird exiled in the golden heaven.

You can hide anew each minute, or reappear;
I shall not search for you behind the snowfall
Or in the smarting wilderness of smoky offices
Where your phone, a pearly rattler, waits upon its coil.

I am content that once, like heaven's fire, I stole your face
And gave it to other women to make them fair;
Content that in my matted body, in my dreams
Like a buried statue or legend burnt in tile, you are
always there.

THE DREAMERS OF MY DREAM

What sins they drove me to are known
By those glorious women alone
Who stretched themselves on the springy beds of time.
Saints with chokecherry blood smiled in vain at them.

Never did they wear paper mask or dainty gown.
As the wind lives on the plain, their true home was this city,
As the moon up the Embankment, high on the Royal Castle shone.
They in the studios were resplendent in their mortality.

I loved them because among them I was free
As a man who's always on the road,
Breaking through sun-hedge, between mine and wood,
Faithlessly leaving city, sea, and galaxy—

Or like a tenant for months lodged in a distant attic
Of the heavens, who in the silence grows completely black,
Then throws up everything, a wise descendant of the dead,
And for a glass of water floating toward him in a hand, is glad.

The nurses of my body and my pain, when my dream
Snapped they were the dreamers of my dream.
Among the shadows of the earth they sought the way
More fanatically than those I had set out to victory

In the name of a bareboned country.
Their half-opened mouths were the cave of my future,
Homeland of my smiling, the river
Of words surrounded by secret leaves, by showers.

AMERICAN INCOME LIFE · of INDIANA · INSURANCE COMPANY

Serving America's Union Families

THE AMERICAN INCOME PHILOSOPHY

. . . to recognize what is and what can be
. . . to know where we are and where we are going
. . . to dream big and implement realistically
. . . to recognize responsibility and make decisions with sensitivity

We operate under the free enterprise system and are basically like other insurance companies with one difference, however. We are union through and through. Our office force and agents are union members and covered by negotiated contracts.

Of the 1,700 insurance companies in America, 15 giant companies do 85% of the business. That means that the other 1,685 fight for what's left. Even though **American Income Life** has over $70 million in assets and is stable and successful, we are among the companies competing for your business.

We're living proof that a company with union contracts can compete with non-union companies. Our employees enjoy the protection of union contracts and wages, yet our policies cost no more than similar policies offered by non-union and anti-union insurance companies.

AMERICAN INCOME LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY . . .
a union label company serving American union families. It is publicly owned with 4800 stock holders and with assets in excess of 70 million dollars. If you would like an annual report, write to:
Kenneth W. Phillips, Vice Pres. and Controller
P.O.B. 208, Waco, Texas 76703

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

György Somlyó

TALE OF THE DOUBLE HELIX

Son of my mother
father of my son
I was born
I was begotten
I was reared
I was reared
I took over
and handed over
I buried
and will be buried
I slowly achieve
what is achievable
on the crystal chains
or basic bonds
of the single life
made from two
It is Time
makes me unique
with every rank
and binds me fast
with every valence
But these my cells
have no idea
caged in themselves
how far the cells
through them ascend
on and on
the dark steps
of the spiral stairs
or Jacob's ladder
in the deoxiribo-
nucleic acid
sky-dome
or skull-hole

FAIRY TALE OF THE COSMOS

Moths around the light
The stars around the stars
My thoughts around you
I around nothing
Nothing around me

My thoughts around themselves
You around my thoughts
Nothing around you
The moths around nothing
Stars around me

I around my thoughts
The stars around you
Moths around the stars
The light around the moths
Nothing around the light

The stars around themselves
Moths around themselves
You around yourself
I around myself
The surround around the around

Zoltán Zelk

MOMENT

As at the railing of a bridge
Leaning on September's afternoon,
A glimmer of the cleavage between minutes,
The moment brims with fullness,
The self-sufficient triumph of the trees—

I would prolong it
Though all I have is words.

ALONE

Desert afternoon.
Impenetrable part of the day.
And the sunset coolness? And the night?
To whom does that disheveled servant,
Your widowed shadow, open the door?

—The tatterdemalion horde
Of your memories.

Gábor Garai

VIGIL AT DAWN

How were the temples of the three gods built?
No one can guess. Fragrance
Of incense settles on the drooping heart.
Frogs sit motionless in pools of silence.

A yellow lizard spraddled on the wall—
So vulnerable, that cool
Pulsing throat. Mosquitoes on my forehead
Bleed. I start up with the day's arrival.

The banyan's roots twist earthward, a hundred arms
Arise in bark of leather
The world alights on green extended palms;
Invisible spiders weave the morning's weather.

The fuzzy tongue of a red bloom hangs down;
From paddy fields dew flies.
The haze is trembling. On the molten silence
Of night's diluted gold, the bulbul cries.

These poems will be included in Modern Hungarian Poetry *edited by Miklos Vajda, to be published in April by Columbia University Press.*

Daniel Hoffman's latest book of poems is The Center of Attention. *He is professor of English at the University of Pennsylvania.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books Considered

Falconer by John Cheever

(Knopf; $7.95)

Degenerate or intact, our rituals are close kin to parody; for the formal recollection of a shared present imitates as it reenacts, and the imitation is at best some communal fiction. In *Bullet Park* John Cheever brought together by violence in a suburban church two complementary characters Hammer and Nailles whose collision course he had plotted with poignance and bizarre wit. Now in *Falconer* he reconciles the parts of one character, one person—a man in prison. Once again Cheever draws a fine tone of fable through his fiction, and thus claims freedoms—if also license—as magical as the truth told by his exact words and magnetic images. This is why his art seems independent of our "spatchcocked" American reality yet eerily reflective of it.

Here again are his familiar themes: escape, anodyne, marital enmity, the strange touch invading some safe or resigned routine, a love for what is graspable and palpable, the need for ceremony, the conflict between brothers, the pleasures of that Nabokovian trinity egotism, nostalgia, and, as Cheever puts it, the "speechless genitals." Likewise familiar is the haunted gap in which *Falconer* is not only marvelous and tantalizing in its inner correspondences and innuendoes, it is new for Cheever in the curious labor with which prisoner's progress emerges.

Ezekiel Farragut, whose grandmother rounded the Horn and whose image "for a big orgasm" is "winning the sailboat race," has been convicted of killing his brother. He has been sentenced to up to 10 years in Falconer (called here a Correctional Facility not because Cheever wants mere accuracy but because the euphemism like the run-down state of the place may seem to mark some unknown decline, perhaps "the last days of incarceration," a time recalling the ambiguous desuetude of tradition to be found in Kafka's "A Hunger Artist" or "In the Penal Colony").

Farragut believes he has been convicted because he is a drug addict and "sexual adventurer." Like De Quincey in *Confessions of an English Opium-Eater*, echoed here and in *Bullet Park*, Farragut acknowledges no guilt. Or that is what he thinks. Farragut's wife, visiting him, remarks that "it's nice to have a dry toilet seat," and she is rough on him in other ways; but she has had a "rotten marriage" and Farragut knows it and knows her; loves her, desires her, sees her as she is, burdened by him and by history. If the world seems unjust, his own inconsistencies are what he must gather together and live with. Entering the prison he thinks he is resigned to dying there. But "Then he saw the blue sky and nailed his identity to it" and to his immediate plans. He brings Descartes with him, but the clarity and distinctness with which he must come to himself will seem more mysterious than methodical.

Why is he an addict? Farragut's recollections take us back over Cheever's work and beyond any real focus on the symptoms or cure of heroin addiction. His father and brother tried at their different distances to get him killed; the family lost its money, and certain incongruities arising from this have been especially confusing in the person of Faragut's mother. She is nothing like his ideal image of "mother," a serene woman in a Degas painting; and even at 48 he finds this discrepancy too painful. "Why had the universe encouraged this gap?"

Further and further from that too quaint New England Eden of the Wapshot books, Cheever has shown us again and again the resorts of the unequal self as it seeks sanctuary in our middle-class wastelands. The people of his stories commute between barbecue and communion-rail; they translate themselves from country-club masquerade (knightly visor propped open with a train timetable) to the sacraments of the marriage bed. Somewhere there is a good, firm tree-house, like those formal sentences Cheever writes; but in search of solace and "self-esteem" (a recurrent word), his characters dose themselves to get to the end of the turnpike or into the next week. Like the missile base in an earlier novel, our computed landscapes are inhuman for Farragut, and, simplistic or not, his views must find in science and technology "murderous contradictions" that lead only to the poppy.

Denied his methadone, Farragut becomes a "withdrawal show" for a sadistic warden to watch those labor pains DeQuincey speaks of. Recovering from injuries, Farragut plots his retaliation. He completes three magnificently rational letters to his wife, his bishop, and the Governor, expounding with pomp, flair and intellect his principles, rights and identity. But the letters can't help him, except as their writing is one part of a growing meditation by turns as vivid and articulate as it is all the time turning about old fragments and intimations and turning about a truth whose well-worn words are moving becaused earned: "He did not know himself. He did not know his own language."

So he lets go; but he remains at the mercy of his memory, and, falling toward himself, he lives some new half-heard argument whose tendrils of twined wonder and inquiry surpass anything in Cheever's thought heretofore. And as Farragut listens to himself he lives with others, listens to men who may seem so different from him in their mad American monologues that the intimacy with which he comes to feel these men in the routines they all share grows upon the reader.

Farragut has a love affair, passes into it with a need that is like the grace of Cheever's unselfconscious presentation of it. Sexual feeling overflows, and Farragut is in love. And when his beloved withdraws—escaping disguised as an acolyte in a Cardinal's helicopter powered by that matchless old invention which Cheever has transcended in the miracles that really interest him—Farragut lives the loss.

Engrossed in his new life, he discovers one day that he is "clean." He had felt the walls vanishing and was afraid—for in this book about "the mystery of imprisonment" prison itself may be an escape. Now, out of chance and death, he must make his own bodily escape along a route as risky as it is ritually familiar.

But first—controlled perhaps too neatly by his creator's final flashbacks into a theme that has been with Cheever since his story "The Brothers" 40 years ago—Farragut must find again that mystery of the first murder whose contradiction he could reenact and embody more than know. Cheever says in *The Wapshot Scandel*, "A mythology that would penetrate . . . the density of the relationship between brothers seems to stop with Cain and Abel and perhaps this is as it should be." In "Goodbye, My Brother," which stands

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

behind *Falconer* in other ways as well, the narrator at last can't bear his brother's narrow, negative nature and strikes him down. But resisting the impulse to finish the job, he feels "like two men, the murderer and the Samaritan," divided as brothers may be divided by an organic opposition to whlich the right response may not necessarily be love. Farragut's impulse to brain his cruel, stupid, sanctimonious brother turns out to be some turning of the stair, some way for Farragut to become one with himself.

Often in Cheever's stories the authorial power seems to have understood everything in advance; but in *Falconer*, the style often coincides with Farragut's groping pain and strength and moves as he moves. Among several other writers, Yeats and Eliot are allusively present not only because Farragut was an English professor, but because Cheever humbly, if quizzically, places his novel in a humane tradition where ceremonies of experience are honored as they should be. *Falconer* should be so honored. It will last.

Joseph McElroy

Joseph McElroy's most recent novel is *Plus* (Knopf).

My Mind on Trial by Eugen Loebl

(Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $8.95)

There are certain historic events that rivet our curiosity, however much we read about them, and the show trials of the Stalin era are among them. When almost all of Lenin's closest friends and disciples were put in the dock in the 1930s, accusing themselves and each other of the most grotesque and unspeakable crimes (conspiring to fill "workers' butter" with broken glass is one I have always found especially intriguing), the reaction throughout the world was, understandably, varied. Political innocents, like the then US Ambassador to the USSR, Joseph E. Davies, accepted the charges and *mea culpas* much as fundamentalists give faith to the Bible. Others invoked maxims such as "where there is smoke there is fire" or "the logic of opposition": I remember a college professor of mine, who in his course on Soviet politics gravely explained that while some of the accusations of the Moscow Trials were patently absurd, and while it behooved us to mistrust uncorroborated confessions, the "fact" remained that Zinoviev, Kamenev, *et al*. were sworn enemies of Stalin; and that deprived of any legal avenues of political activity, they could reasonably be expected to have resorted to terror and sabotage. (I hasten to add that, an honest man, he had shed these views long before Krushchev denounced Stalin as a maniacal murderer.) Of Party faithful and sundry fellow travelers, the less said, the better.

In 1938, the Commission of Inquiry into the Charges Made Against Leon Trotsky in the Moscow Trials, headed by John Dewey, published its report, entitled *Not Guilty*, which proved beyond a shadow of a doubt that the charges and confessions were lies. The same clearly applied to the trials that took place in Eastern Europe a little more than a decade later. Yet the question of Why?—why did so many men not only confess, but vie with each other in self-abasement—has continued to haunt us. For many years, Arthur Koestler's explanation, so brilliantly argued in his 1941 novel *Darkness at Noon*, was accepted, however uneasily, by many people. Koestler's tragic hero, Rubashov—patterned largely after N. I. Bukharin—is persuaded, after long months of dialectical argumentation with his interrogator—to render "the last service to the Party." In a world threatened by the savagery of Hitlerism, the Soviet Union and—*faute de mieux*—Stalin are the only alternatives to universal destruction. The Soviet regime may be monstrous, and the Party guilty of the most grievous misdeeds: yet precisely because of those misdeeds scapegoats must be found, so as to exonerate the Party, to rekindle the faith in "Number One" (Stalin), and to strengthen the USSR for the approaching Armageddon.

The post-World War II spate of testimonies by former inmates of Soviet prisons and concentration camps, many of whom had also confessed to various crimes, put Koestler's theory, however artistically compelling, severely in question. True, as late as 1954, a massive study by two Rand Corporation social scientists, Nathan Leites and Elsa Bernaut, called *Ritual of Liquidation*, attempted to endow this theory with scholarly respectability. By subjecting the transcripts of the three Moscow Trials, numerous works of Russian literature, and the collected works (!) of Lenin and Stalin to a painstaking "content analysis," the authors endeavored to prove that the Bolshevik defendants were motivated, in one way or another, by loyalty to Marxism-Leninism. (The authors' psychoanalytic techniques led them to postulate, *inter alia*, that some of the defendants confessed out of a passionate desire to be "reunited with the Party." Since in all cases the condemned were executed by a single shot in the back of their heads, their bodies cremated and their ashes secretely disposed of, this desire is surely among the most pointless and macabre in modern history.)

On the whole, however, the evidence was heavily against these constructions. Books such as *Russian Purge and the Extraction of Confession*, by F. Beck and W. Godin (1951), based on personal experience and conversations with numerous Gulag victims, made it clear that *persuasion*, however astute, had little or nothing to do with the fact that hundreds and thousands of people, Communists and non-Communists alike, confessed to being "spies, wreckers, and saboteurs." In a word, they were *forced* to confess, by a variety of harrowing methods, applied for weeks, months, or even years on end. Only a very small number of them were put on trial, for "educational" purposes. If they agreed to take part in these wretched spectacles, it was because they could hold out no longer, and because they retained a glimmer of hope that they would be spared in the end. Even Bukharin, whose extraordinary behavior at his 1938 trial (denying some of the most outrageous charges, engaging the prosecutor in verbal duels, discoursing on history and philosophy) had—more than that of any other defendant—given rise to the imaginative theories of Koestler and the erudite exegesis of the scholars from Rand, was most probably motivated by a desire to expose rather than to serve Russia's dictator.

Still, none of the personal memoirs that appeared in the '40s and '50s was written by a major Communist figure: Stalin's security police made sure that they would not live to tell their tales. In recent years, however, we have been treated to two books, both by erstwhile Communists of high standing, both of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

them principals in one of the major "show trials": *The Confession*, by Arthur London (1970), and now *My Mind on Trial*, by Eugen Loebl. Like London, Loebl was a defendant at the so-called Slansky Trial, held in November 1952 in Prague. Fourteen of the most prominent Czech and Slovak Communist leaders (eleven of them Jewish), including the secretary general Rudolf Slansky, confessed to treason, terror, sabotage. After eight days of "testimony," they were sentenced and eleven of them promptly executed. Like London and another prisoner, Vavro Hajdu, Loebl was sentenced to life. In 1960 (four years after Khrushchev's speech on Stalin!), he was "pardoned" and released; it wasn't until 1963 that he was fully "rehabilitated." In 1968, he came to the US and is now teaching economics at Vassar.

The bare outline of Loebl's story can be found in his *Sentenced and Tried* (1969), which also contains a slightly abridged transcript of the trial; and the methods used by the Czech investigators to extort confessions were already described in London's book (also made into a gripping film by Costa-Gavras in 1970). What distinguishes Loebl's present account is its piercing honesty, its minute depiction not only of the tortures to which he was subjected, but of his own mental and spiritual processes, of the reasons that finally led him, after two years of torment, to capitulate to his inquisitors. It is a profoundly moving and important book, one that demonstrates—as so often in history—that what we tend to imbue with an air of terrifying mystery is essentially paltry and banal.

Why did Loebl (and, we might surmise, so many other "true believers") confess? Not, as he notes, for the reasons advanced by Arthur Koestler. *Darkness at Noon* is "romantic balderdash." There was no "fine, godlike philosophizing commisar" in his prison who urged him "to immolate his ego for the party and confess to the most abominable crimes so that the Party can survive." His interrogators were cynical, simple-minded, brutal *apparatchiki*. Acting under the constant supervision of their Soviet "teachers" (sent down from Moscow, seasoned and experienced), they had only one aim in mind: to crush the prisoner's resistance, to humiliate him, to make him realize, through the notorious method of the "conveyor belt" (16 hours of interrogation every day, continous walking in the cell, no contact with other prisoners, starvation, threats, false testimony by friends and relatives, lack of sleep—all this for two uninterrupted years), that it was futile to hold out, that his only hope lay in cooperating with his jailers. None of it, Loebl points out more than once, had anything to do with "brainwashing," either—that other fanciful theory so popular in the West. Loebl knew what he was doing when he resisted his interrogators, when he denied the charges and insisted on his innocence—and was brutally punished for it; and he was perfectly conscious of his behavior—and its meaning—when he finally surrendered. He resisted fiercely for two years, but once he gave in, he could not retract his confession. "The confession was a kind of a breakdown; it was an expression of defeat, an acknowledgment of a situation that the prisoner did not have the strength to overcome. It was a psychological knockout that paralyzed all resistance, once and for all."

But why resist, in the face of such overpowering pressure? Why attempt suicide (as did others, too, including Slansky and London), why submit to the most abominable humiliations, why suffer privations, hunger, pain, rather than come to terms with reality and (at the very least) earn some respite? For one thing, there was the hatred of the jailers and the knowledge, however paradoxical, that strength lies in resistance, that by denying triumph to the interrogator (who was desperately in need of it for his own bureaucratic survival) the victim asserted his power to his master. There was the dogged reluctance to deny all that one had stood for, all one's values and beliefs, and to expose oneself to one's wife and children as a life-long liar. But above all there was Loebl's faith in Marxism and in the Party. As long as he could cling to the hope that his own "universe was in order"; as long as he could take solace in the knowledge that the accusation that he was not a Marxist was the very opposite of the truth; as long as he could regard his adversary as a traitor and to see himself as the defender of the true faith, he held out. His resistance began to crumble as his faith wavered. When, after long weeks, months, of reexamining the premises of his beliefs, of questioning his own blindness and complicity in the Party's past errors and crimes, he came to the realization that it was all a myth and a mistake, his despair was fathomless. "Imprisonment had taken away my freedom, my dignity, my wife, and my son. My own thinking had taken away my mission, and hence my belief and my hope . . . It had all gone wrong; my whole life was senseless . . . " Shortly thereafter, he confessed: not, indeed, because he believed, but because he had ceased to believe.

Loebl stayed in prison for another year. Although his conditions improved considerably, he was still subjected to endless interrogations. Now their purpose was to construct, together with his "mentors," the final text of the indictment (which, with the addition of new victims, such as Slansky, was growing by leaps and bounds), as well as the testimony to be given at the trial. *That* he had to learn by heart, word by word, each pause and inflection committed to memory and rehearsed *ad infinitum* until his stage managers were fully satisfied that the macabre play would open and close without any untoward incidents. The "crimes" to which he and his co-defendents confessed were constructed according to the so-called "rules of translation," whereby each act, however

The Georgia Review

Spring 1977

Essays

"Faulkner's *Mosquitoes*" by Cleanth Brooks
"Fors" by Jacques Derrida
"Between the Acts: Jeanne Moreau's *Lumiere*" by Geoffrey Hartman
"Ariachne's Broken Woof" by J. Hillis Miller
"The Artist, the Beautiful Girl, and the Crowd: the Case of Thomas Rowlandson" by Ronald Paulson
"Orientalism" by Edward W. Said

Fiction

"A Field of Snow on a Slope of the Rosenberg" by Guy Davenport
"The Bureaucracy of Ballroom Dancing" by Stephen Matanle

Poems by John Ashbery, Richard Emil Braun, Allen Grossman, Richard Howard, Dan Masterson, and Lewis Turco

Reviews by Richard H. King, Hubert McAlexander, Walter Michaels, Wesley A. Morris, Barry Weller, and David M. Wyatt

Subscription Form

Please enter my subscription to *The Georgia Review* for ____ 1 year ($3.00; Foreign $3.50) ____ 2 years ($5.00; Foreign $6.00), beginning with the _____ issue.

Name: _____

Address: _____

_____ Zip Code _____

The Georgia Review, edited by John T. Irwin and published quarterly at the University of Georgia, Athens, Georgia 30602.

The Georgia Review is not available at bookstores. It can be obtained only by subscription. Subscriptions will be entered only when payment is enclosed with this form.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

innocent, is turned, by virtue of a presumed hostile intention, into a criminal deed, each policy now adjudged to have been wrong, even though it may have had the imprimatur of the Politburo, is transformed into a personal "plot," and each deviation from the Moscow line into outright treason. As Deputy Minister of Foreign Trade, Loebl has had many relations with westerners, and at one time, when Czechoslovakia was still blissfully hoping to pursue its own "road to socialism," he negotiated with Washington for economic aid and cooperation. All this now became part of a Loebl *et al.* conspiracy to spy for the West and restore capitalism to Czechoslovakia. *Pace* Koestler and Leites, the defendants did not accept the proposition that disagreement and treason, subjective intent and objective results were one and the same thing. Nor did the authors of this perverse scenario give it any credence. Their aim was to eliminate the last potential vestiges of independent thinking in Czechoslovakia as well as in other countries in Eastern Europe, to find scapegoats for all the misbegotten economic policies of the Communist regimes, and for this the Rajks in Hungary, the Kostovs in Bulgaria, the Slanskys in Czechoslovakia as well as the Gomulkas in Poland were to pay the price.

Much more could be said about Loebl's remarkable book, but let me confine myself to only one set of observations. The Slansky trial in 1952 was, among other things, a virulent expression of the new Soviet anti-Semitism. Loebl describes the shock at hearing the anti-Semitic abuse of his Czech interrogators, and even more so of the Soviet "teachers" (even the former blanched when one of their Russian comrades told Loebl that "the time is approaching fast when we'll have to exterminate all your kind"). The "Jewish origin" of most of the defendants was emphasized in the indictment, the accent of one of them—Geminder—was cruelly mocked at the trial; "World Jewry" and "International Zionism," were singled out as prime enemies of socialism and the USSR.

Fifteen years later, the "Jewish problem" was again at the forefront of Czechoslovak politics: to the "reformers" (starting with the writers in 1967), the anti-Semitic and anti-Israel policies of the regime became one of the touchstones of the political health of the country. To the Stalinist *apparatchiki* and their Soviet (and East German) backers the accusations again became a rallying cry, as the "Spring" progressd, for a return to *status quo ante*. And as these lines are written, Gustav Husak, who himself spent nearly nine years in prison for "Slovak bourgeois nationalism," and who has piously assured his countrymen that there would be no return to the period of "fabrications" and "imaginary offenses," is presiding over yet another witchhunt with squalid anti-Semitic overtones, this time against the signers of the "Charter 77." The "Charter," signed by more than 500 prominent intellectuals, is a singularly moderate document: it describes the suppression of human and constitutional rights in Czechoslovakia, urges a dialogue with the authorities, and explicitly eschews any desire for "oppositional activity." Yet so heavy is the stench of the past, so enduring the "rules of translation," so abiding the fear of the authorities, that all the media have been mobilized in a spirited campaign against the "counterrevolutionaries" acting "on orders of anti-Communist and Zionist centers." In 1968, the venerable Frantisek Kriegel, then Chairman of the National Front, was contemptuously referred to by Alexei Kosygin as "that Galician Jew." On January 15 of this year, Kriegel was ridiculed on Prague television as "a foreigner in his own country who has never been integrated into the Czech community;" that is to say, a dirty Jew.

Although the fate of the four intellectuals held under arrest is still in question, too much has happened in the Communist world and the world in general for a show trial *a la* Slansky ever to be mounted again. Yet the climate and, more, the system that had bred and produced such abominations persist. It is good to have Loebl's superb volume to remind us of it.

Abraham Brumberg

Abraham Brumberg, for many years editor of *Problems of Communism*, is the author of *In Quest of Justice: Protest and Dissent in the Soviet Union Today* (Praeger).

The Transformation Of American Law by Morton J. Horwitz

(Harvard Univ. Press; $16.50)

The most far-reaching and successful social revolutions are noiseless, incremental, and barely discernible at the time; only later, in retrospect, does their importance become evident. By then, they often seem to have been inevitable and therefore of little interest.

Americans are particularly apt to ignore this important truth about social change. Our culture is a profoundly rationalistic one, reflecting our belief that our history is a manifestation of the national will, the sum of our self-conscious choices. From the Mayflower Compact and the Declaration of Independence to the latest effusions of the 95th Congress, we have always proceeded as if we could not effect fundamental changes without first proclaiming them. To Americans, revolutions are the stuff of manifestos, pitched battles, and Delacroix imagery; they come upon us with the stealth and subtlety of Fourth of July fireworks. The muse of historical change American-style is not Clio, but Bella Abzug.

Revolutions in American law have been perceived by us in much the same way. As Morton Horwitz, a legal historian at Harvard, reminds us in this extremely valuable book, the Constitution and the Supreme Court have been the cynosures for our understanding of changes in legal institutions and doctrines. Preoccupied with the "great cases" and bemused by the rhetorical tradition in which constitutional landmarks are constructed, we have been blind to the more typical processes by which legal rules affect, and are affected by, the dynamics of economic and social forces. To really understand these processes, Horwitz suggests, we must look not to the public law of constitutional litigation but rather to the common law through which the clash of private interests is modulated and regulated. Here, in the realms of obscure contract disputes, conflicts over water rights and disagreements between merchants, Horwitz find the more systematic and heuristic interactions of law, economics and society.

He begins with the traditional conception of law which dominated America in the pre-Revolutionary period. This

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

conception posited that the common law precedents of the English courts constituted the sole source of legal rules; only those English statutes declaratory of the common law had been "received" by the colonies. The common law, in this view, was a fixed body of principles reflecting natural law, as evidenced by ancient custom and usage. The legal rule needed to decide any case could be simply derived by recourse to this corpus (what Holmes once mockingly called "a brooding omnipresence in the sky"). Judicial innovation was regarded as a usurpation, an arbitrary act of will, and the verdicts of local juries were binding on judges on almost all issues.

Eighteenth century conceptions of property rights, of commercial relationships, and of the proper functioning of markets reflected the norms of an agrarian society in which vacant land was plentiful, markets were local and personalized, and the pace of economic change was incremental. Property rights, for example, were defined as the absolute right of the owner to prevent any injury to his land, and persons intruding on this absolute dominion were held strictly liable for any resulting injury. The sanctity of contract was subject to numerous exceptions in the name of fairness and equity. Exclusive privileges were granted and protected, and many forms of competition and innovation were forbidden in the name of prescriptive rights and a stable social order.

After the American Revoluton, however, these principles were gradually undermined by common law judges responsive to changing economic conditions. As the supply of free land contracted and commercial interest expanded, the need for an economic infrastructure of roads, canals, bridges, dams, mills, foundries and railroads to support those interests became apparent. Conflicts between agrarian and commercial interests were mirrored in conflicts between traditional and developmental values, and the courts were often called upon to play the role of arbiter.

With a few exceptions, such as Chancellor James Kent of New York, the courts used their prestige and power to embrace and establish the ideology and interests of the newly-emerging economic elites. In fields of law as diverse as water rights, land tenancy, marine insurance, eminent domain and negligence, the courts abandoned the feudal, common law impediments to economic development, exploitation, competition and innovation. In some cases, the transition to the new order was disguised by recourse to conventional judicial sleight-of-hand, such as legal fictions. Other times, it was accomplished by narrowing the province of the jury. In yet other cases, the judges enunciated the policy reasons underlying their decisions. For example, the courts whittle away at the capitalist's common law liability for nuisance and his duty to pay just compensation for damage inflicted upon others by his economic activity. Similarly, the prescriptive rights of riparian owners were increasingly subordinated to the rights of new entrepreneurs who dammed rivers, diverted precious water, and constructed mills in the pursuit of profit. Common law doctrines which protected employees injured on the job were swept away by market-oriented principles such as "assumption of the risk" which tended, in Horwitz's phrase, "to ratify those forms of inequality that the market system produces." Pre-commercial notions of "just price" and non-negotiability of contracts, which had protected those without much bargaining power, were supplanted by a more formalistic, amoral, impersonal conception of the law.

We have come to think of this development as laisser-faire, yet when considered in its historical context, the creation of new private law relationships was anything but non-interventionist or neutral in purpose or effect. It was in fact judicial law-making, the arrogation by common law judges of a momentous policy-making role eschewed by the legislatures. The immediate beneficiaries of this judicial innovation were the new entrepreneurs, the visionaries of capitalism and commerce whose schemes for the rapid development of the vast continent were to be subsidized not by state taxation or direct subvention (that would come later), but by new legal doctrines freeing them from their long-established obligations to compensate those harmed by this dizzying economic change. Private common law came to be fashioned not so much as a means to achieve equity in the individual case, but as a way to liberate explosive market forces from their feudal, moralistic encrustations.

In this respect, the transformation of American law prior to the Civil War was simply an epiphenomenon of that larger historical movement known as liberalism. And it is notable that the heirs of this liberal tradition (now called "conservatives") are the vanguard in the contemporary assault on today's activist judges, whom Nathan Glazer has termed the "imperial judiciary." Notable, but not surprising, for the creative and destructive forces unleashed by the new legal and economic order proved very difficult to subdue. Once in the saddle, they acquired a political and cultural momentum that only now is being brought under social control.

In that process of social control, the law has now come full circle. Today, as before the Revolution, the law is once again being used to mitigate the rigors of the market, to restrain economic development, and to contain the tides of change. Whether the issue is environmentalism, consumer protection, or the legal rights of the poor, the liberal impulse which first transformed the law into a purposive instrument of social change has itself come to be seen as the enemy.

Peter H. Schuck

Peter H. Schuck is a lawyer who directs the Consumers Union office in Washington, DC.

Police: Streetcorner Politicians by William Ker Muir, Jr.

(University of Chicago Press; $15)

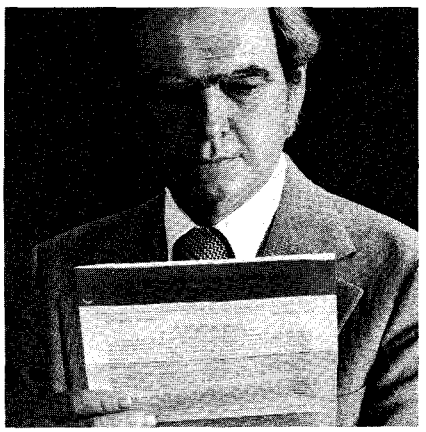
University presses from the redwood forests to the Gulf Stream waters have for some time now been busily spitting out police books—studies of police and violence, police and corruption, brutal police, brooding police, alienated police, police in trouble, and police up against the wall. Your friendly cop on the beat is today more likely than not to be accompanied by his own sociologist with cassette recorder.

William Ker Muir, Jr., the author of *Police: Streetcorner Politicians*, comes fresh from several years spent among the police officers of the pseudonymous city of "Laconia," where he journeyed with a fairly straightforward but novel object. He has sought to define what a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Subscribe to the health letter with a Harvard degree.

These days, the problem isn't finding health information. The problem is choosing accurate, reliable health information from the plethora of articles, books, and magazines available.



That's why you should subscribe to the only health letter published for the general public by a leading medical school: *The Harvard Medical School Health Letter.*

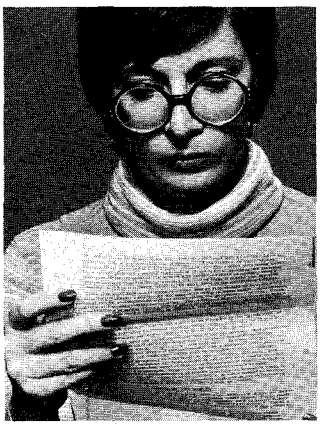
Every month, subscribers receive six pages of readable articles and authoritative analysis as well as the latest health news items written and edited by members of the Harvard Medical School faculty.

Recent issues have included in-depth articles on cancer, ulcers, heart attacks, and exercise. Briefer articles have covered the news on mammography, fiber and diet, asymptomatic gonorrhea, and even whether "everybody needs milk."

Upcoming issues will cover back pain and the value of an annual check-up, as well as provide sound and reliable information about whatever is currently news in the health field.

"It's about time that a medical school got concerned about the everyday health practices of the general public, and got itself involved in health education and preventive medicine. The Harvard Medical School Health Letter *has the kind of information we all need — it is readable, straight-forward, honest and informative."* — John H. Knowles, M.D., President, *The Rockefeller Foundation.*

Subscribe now. For vital and up-to-date health information from a source you know you can rely on.



The Harvard Medical School Health Letter

79 Garden Street, Cambridge, Mass. 02138

Please enroll me as a subscriber to *The Harvard Medical School Health Letter,* which will be mailed to me each month for the next 12 months. I understand that if I am not completely satisfied with the first issue, my money will be promptly refunded.

☐ Enclosed is my check (money order) for $10.00
☐ Bill me for $10.00

Name: _____
(please print)

Address: _____

_____
(city) (state) (zip)

good police officer is, in terms of actual conduct, and then to identify the inner stuff that makes one.

Laconia is a metropolis of half a million people, roughly 200,000 of them nonwhite, where a series of violent racial clashes occurred in the 1960s, but whose city council (as of the date of Muir's researches, at any rate) still includes no blacks. The police department has 800 members (an unusually low police/citizen ratio), is clean as a whistle (even the proverbial free cup of coffee is refused, if offered), and boasts a stern liberal chief with a shaky reputation among the troops (generally a sign that the chief has at some point in his tenure actually attempted to exercise, in a small way, his authority).

Muir is a professor of political science at Berkeley, leading one inclined to play such games (this reviewer, for instance) to the suspicion that Laconia may lie somewhere in the northern half of California. Allowing for some artful distortion in his description, I would guess San Jose or Oakland.

In his search for the ideal new centurion, Muir has profiled 28 of Laconia's Finest, for the most part rookies and relative newcomers. Among the more interesting specimens:

Doug Haig, a black officer, is something of a hotshot until an over-aggressive colleague is murdered with his own gun on the same day he has been counseled by a veteran: "Slow down. Don't bug those people too much, or you'll get hurt." Haig faces the two obstacles that confront any career police officer who has the audacity to take the job seriously—his own confusion about the proper attitude to strike, and the pressure of some of his brethern to be a bully or a cynic (or both). He lands up happily training children to be school crossing guards (police departments invariably have such dumping grounds for overly friendly, as for overly violent, cases).

Jay Justice is a much-respected patrol officer whose rule for handling potentially messy situations is, "Always try to preserve the guy's dignity." Against his wishes, he is entrusted with the care and feeding of a rookie with a reputation for roughing up the citizenry. Eventually, Justice does exercise a moderating influence on his protege, Officer Chacon, but ends up ruining his own career by falsely testifying on Chacon's behalf in a brutality investigation.

Muir's cast of characters also includes a few appallingly inept police officers, as well as a number who fall in between,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and he pairs some of them off in an effort to understand why apparently similar young men (there are no policewomen in this study) either grow or grow weary on the job.

He advances a theory that the successful police officer requires two attributes: a *tragic sense*, an awareness of the universality of human suffering and thus of the limits of his role; and *moral equanimity*, an easy confidence about employing coercion (balanced with civility) for constructive purposes. Elsewhere, Muir suggests that a police officer needs also to take pleasure in the use of language.

His rather more mundane, but equally sound, recommendation to police administrators is to pay some attention to the education and training of sergeants, on the theory that these front-line supervisors (who are usually not supervisors at all, but overgrown patrolmen whose grudging duty is to contain mishaps) are ideally situated to support or discourage the development of the necessary tragic sense and moral equanimity among their charges.

Despite frequent excursions to ancient Greece and Rome, allusions to Machiavelli, de Tocqueville and Max Weber, and a chart-making mania that has driven him to graph even the relative levels of enthusiasm of his 28 subjects for the formation of a police debating society, Muir is a sharp and unpatronizing observer. Of all the outside researchers who have conducted live-in studies of the police world, only Muir and Jonathan Rubinstein (author of *City Police*) seem to have emerged with their faculties more or less intact.

James Lardner

James Lardner is a free-lance writer and former District of Columbia policeman.

Injustice for All by Ann Strick

(Putnam's; $8.95)

The American system for resolving disputes is archaic. The adversary system of trial is rooted in Hobbesian combat, little changed from the medieval trial by battle. Brute force determined the outcome of that battle; the stronger champion's victory was thereafter sanctified as correct by the hocus-pocus of a legal system proclaimed as divinely ordained. The battle in a modern courtroom may be no less brutal or irrational—witnesses are badgered, the victim of a crime often becomes the victim of the defense attorney's character assassination. Both sides must present one-sided exaggerated portrayals of reality in which truth is the greatest victim.

Ann Strick's *Injustice for All* reveals the primitive aspects of the adversary approach and attacks the idea that truth is best discovered through the competition of two opposing parties. The book raises hard questions for the adversary system. In one incident, a client, charged with murder, told his lawyer that he had killed and buried two victims. The parents of the victims asked the lawyer for any information about their missing children; the lawyer disclaimed any knowledge. The fact of their murder came out only when the client confessed at trial months later.

Unfortunately *Injustice for All* does not ask the questions which should be asked. Under what circumstances *is* it morally right for a lawyer to favor the interests of his client in ways which are harmful to another individual or to the welfare of society in general? And practically, what would be the effect on the truth-seeking process of a general rule requiring an attorney to disclose his client's confidences? Strick also fails to point out in this case that the attorney's concealment violated the bar's Canons of Ethics. (Lawyers may not conceal the facts of ongoing crimes; here, failing to reveal the location of the corpse.)

The thrust of other attacks is unclear. One target is the mystique of the law, the notion that the law is "absolute, eternal and of universal validity." "By positing fixed heavenly principles reflected in man's major institutions, divine law validated beyond cavil or question those institutions and the rules, priests and law-men who ran them. Dissent now affronted heaven as well as earth." The same notions prevail today, she says, quoting an obscure pedant writing in 1905. The argument is exaggerated: no one believes today that judges merely discover the preexistant law. But it does contain a somewhat subtler truth. Judicial robes, oaths and other rituals still endow the law with a character above the workings of bureaucrats, legislators or businessmen. One is free to disobey the unconstitutional law of a legislature; but the command of a court is inviolable, even if unconstitutional.

Is this necessarily bad? It may be used to suppress dissent and unrest in an undemocratic society, but the "majesty" of the courts has permitted them to command changes in our institutions and customs which the unsanctified majoritarian legislatures could never have brought about.

Moreover, the author seems unable to separate criticism of the system from sensational incidents—cheap shots are scored again and again. Nonetheless, the cumulative effect of her tales of the bias of judges and juries, of the chicanery practiced by trial lawyers, may convince the reader that some change is desirable. Despite the shortcomings of her approach, other writers and scholars would agree with that conclusion.

The bedrock defect of our dispute-resolution system has also proved to be the stumbling-block to proposed reforms: people lie, and they may not be found out. People will tell the truth only if they are educated to believe they should or if they are forced to—shamed and pressured by peers or by the government. What then is Strick's solution?

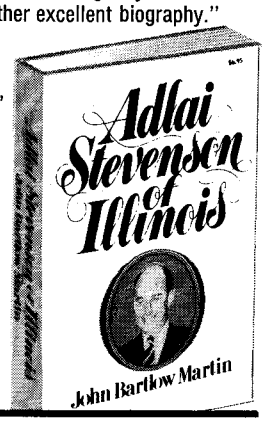
The inadequacies of the adversary system, she believes, are caused by "bipolarism" which pervades Western civilization. Bipolarism—seeing the world as us versus them, black versus white, guilty versus innocent—has caused racism, Vietnam, crime, neglect of the poor, as well as bad courts. It is a moral schizophrenia which puts a premium on the blind pursuit of personal interest in derogation of public interest, on "shafting and not getting shafted." When a thief is caught, he lies to get out.

Her solution, then, is not limited to

NOW IN PAPERBACK

"An enormously detailed, stringently unsentimental and altogether excellent biography." —Newsweek.

A national best-seller in hardcover, now $6.95



ANCHOR PRESS/ DOUBLEDAY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

courts. Education would be regeared to shift personal orientation away from self-interest toward consensual goals. A Special Assembly—composed of social scientists and average citizens—will be called to develop the new legal framework. A Citizen's Justice Department, independent of government, will handle all dispute resolution, through adjudication panels on which all citizens will be eligible to serve. Panel members will be screened through psychological testing to eliminate all known strains of prejudices.

The new system will ban adversary behavior and eulogize reason and human dignity. But specifics become a bit disquieting. People will no longer be able to insist on rigid legal rights. The goal of either civil or criminal litigation would be to maximize information. As in a family "model," all parties will willingly submit to this "ameliorative, information-seeking approach" which will maximize both individual and societal goals. The Fifth Amendment's protection against self-incrimination would no longer be necessary, we learn, since the legal system is no longer an arm of government (perhaps like workers committees in communist countries). Silence would not be permitted: instead all would be obliged to respond to questions: such an obligation was enforced in ancient times by placing heavier and heavier rocks on the recalcitrant party. Of course, properly educated, no one would want to lie or remain silent. After all, it's for our own good that our secrets be revealed, so that submission to social workshops and supervision (under the aegis of the multidisciplinary social scientists) can quickly begin to reshape personality and cleanse away bipolarity.

Unwittingly, *Injustice for All* reveals the limits to change in our method of dispute resolution. Before the legal system may be profoundly changed, the author recognizes, the moral and social foundations of our civilization must themselves be altered. The societies Stricks praises in which arbitration and personal, nonlegal dispute resolution are paramount are societies of overweaning conformity, where ultimate power is vested in the hands of tribal elders or in religious, political or workers groups. In contrast, out Constitution restrains collective forces so that no such group may dominate the individual. Our legal system has developed to serve as a mechanism for handling the many collisions of will and values which arise in a pluralistic society. Are we willing to accept the sense of collectivism, the group pressure or self-censure which this new approach demands? Or, without such change, the heavy rocks approach or perhaps the universal taperecording of private conversations?

Strick's version of the future, then—with its universal psychological testing, abandonment of constitutional rights to remain silent and to be free from government questioning and mandatory social engineering—forces us to ask whether we are willing to pay the price for this new system which must be extracted in the currency of national character. If not, then reform must be of a different magnitude.

As to those reforms—removal of many classes of disputes from the courts, increasing reliance on private arbitration, use of witnesses independent of either side—*Injustice for All* adds few insights. Even its more radical proposals are not novel; many are similar to those of Guérard in his *Testament of a Liberal*. But Strick's polemical, erratically researched, sensational, unbalanced book is a useful endeavor because of its unselfconscious elaboration of bold solutions. Few books reveal so starkly that the truth is not an absolute goal in dispute resolution; few permit the thoughtful reader to see so vividly the trade-off between the goals of accurate discovery of truth and our freedom from governmental and peer-group coercion.

Stephen Barrett Kanner

Stephen Barrett Kanner is an assistant in instruction at Yale Law School.

The American Police State by David Wise

(Random House; $12.95)

A dozen years ago David Wise and Thomas B. Ross wrote that the government's use of secrecy and surveillance was delivering us to something we weren't going to like. *The Invisible Government* was an unusual political affairs book in two respects: it sold well, and it did not acquire value as light humor as events left it in the distance (consider, by way of contrast, the charming optimism of a more recent book like Kevin Phillips's *The Emerging Republican Majority*).

Three years later, in 1967, Wise and Ross collaborated again in *The Espionage Establishment*, and in 1974 Wise himself wrote a book, *The Politics of Lying*, that someone should have written years earlier. Behind all three books was the warning that government by consent of the governed was becoming a myth; consent, Wise argued, was quietly giving way to control—control of an unknowing populace by a government grown private and sinister.

The American Police State is what its title suggests: a description of the techniques that are bringing about something to which Americans have thought themselves constitutionally immune. "We have created a uniquely *American* police state," Wise says, "one that has managed to grow and operate within, or at least alongside, the democratic system. Naturally, by Nazi or Soviet standards, America is not a police state. But the dictionary definition does not require the extremes of a Gestapo, or a KGB; it defines the police state as 'a government that seeks to intimidate and suppress political opposition by means of police, especially a secret national police organization.' The FBI and the CIA have done precisely that."

And one or the other has done so not just for Richard Nixon but for Franklin Roosevelt and Gerald Ford and all presidents in between. Nixon, in fact, appears—statistically at least—to have been something of an enlightened despot in his use of hidden microphones (bugs) and telephone wiretaps. Among the seven presidents who have served since 1940, he ranks but sixth in number of buggings (which ordinarily, of course, require a break-in) with 163 and fifth in wiretaps with 747. The leader in both bugs and wiretaps is, sad to say, that people's democrat, Harry Truman, who ordered 692 bugs and 2984 wiretaps.

No apologies, however, are due Richard Nixon. For it was he, as Wise shows, who made burglary an instrument of presidential politics. It was Nixon who, with Henry Kissinger's assistance, got not only the FBI and CIA into the action but the National Security Agency and the Internal Revenue Service, too; and it was under him that a crack White House intelligence unit—the Plumbers—was organized. The reason given for Nixon's intelligence operations was, as we heard so often,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

national security; the reason not given was political. When John Ehrlichman ordered the IRS to audit the tax returns of Lawrence O'Brien, the Democratic party chief, he expressed the Nixon aim unambiguously: "I want them to turn up something and send him to jail before the election."

There is no difficulty in arguing the corruptness of Richard Nixon, John Ehrlichman, Bob Haldeman or John Mitchell. Their moral carcasses have been picked over enough that nothing new will surprise us. Wise, using interviews as well as testimony before the Senate intelligence committee, concentrates instead on men whose obscurity was interrupted by Watergate—men like John Ragan, Jack Caulfield and Tony Ulasewicz, Nixon's first wiretappers; William Sullivan, one of J. Edgar Hoover's truckling assistants; and Tom Charles Huston, a zealous young Nixon aide who unashamedly proposed not only burglary but truth serum to combat the administration's enemies. (Young Tom Charles, though, called the first of these "surreptitious entry"; he may only have been 29 but he was already fluent in the government language of indirection. It is not reported what euphemism he might have had in mind for truth serum.)

It was marionettes like these who, as much as their masters, made watchful thought control the first function of government under Richard Nixon. But if a "uniquely American police state" has been created, it is as much a result of technology as of tyrants new to the scene. The implication of Wise's book seems clearly to be that the political system, though it has seen malignant species before, has only recently produced the mutations that were uncovered by Watergate. Mutations of a sort they may have been, but the paranoid style in American politics, as Richard Hofstadter called it, is a congenital condition of the republic. Our politics has always derived its energy from the fierce antipathy of one group for another, and the animus typically has been fear and mistrust.

What was important about the Nixon administration was that extreme political paranoia had taken hold not of a vocal minority, such as the Greenbacks or the Ku Klux Klan, the anti-masonites or the John Birchers, but of the presidency itself. And this time the paranoids were armed not with rifles or torches but with electronic gadgetry. Nixon and Kissinger, bugging the home of CBS's Marvin Kalb because they "knew" he was a Rumanian agent, had the same paranoia as those anti-Catholics in the mid-19th century who were convinced that Austria's Metternich was secretly filling the land with treacherous Jesuits.

The radicalism of the Nixon administration was its fervor to repossess the nation from those who would subvert it—and in the process, obviously, to destroy the subverters. Where the question is one of absolute good versus absolute evil, there can be no thought of compromise. Thus did Tom Charles Huston suggest when he told the Senate intelligence committee: "We faced an extraordinary situation requiring an extraordinary response, and you don't want a constitutional, legal mandate for that kind of thing."

Noble motives cannot be attributed to all those who took (and still take) part in the police activities of the government. For younger men, like Caulfield, undercover work was the scramble for "the plum." "If you could come up with political intelligence," he told Wise, "it increased your power . . . That was the name of the game."

For an older man like Sullivan, bugging and wiretapping were part of another day in the bureaucracy: "I was so inured and accustomed to any damn thing I was told to do I just carried it out and kept my resentment to myself. I was married and trying to buy a house with a big mortgage and raise a family. You know," he said, "Marx was right. Economics determines a lot of things in this life."

There is irony here. The threat to government which most worried the founding fathers was not so much political as economic; consent of the governed, it might surprise Wise to learn, had more to do with protection of property interests than with freedom from unreasonable search and seizure. Such was the outlook of Gouverneur Morris when he warned his contemporaries, "The mob begin to think and reason. Poor reptiles! . . . They bask in the sun, and ere noon they will bite, depend on it." Little did those men of privilege imagine that the menacing creatures could, like Caulfield and Sullivan, be bought off.

Michael Skube

Michael Skube is a free-lance writer living in Maine.

The Back of the Book

Love Won't Buy You Money

Erich Segal's *Oliver's Story* begins with Oliver Barrett still grieving over the death of his wife Jenny. Phil Cavilleri, Jenny's father, tells Oliver to get married, but Oliver buries himself in his work, defending the civil liberties of "what in lawyer's slang we call 'screwees.'" Unable to fall in love again, Oliver consults a psychiatrist who listens as Oliver recounts his guilt about descending from a family which was one of the "pioneers in sweatshop labor," but does not cure Oliver. Of more help is Marcie Nash, *neé* Binnendale, beautiful, athletic, divorced heiress to a chain of department stores, who talks dirty and seeks love herself. Oliver almost falls for Marcie but a trip to Hong Kong disillusions him when he discovers that Marcie employs children in her sweatshops. They part, and Oliver leaves his New York law firm to accept a partnership in his father's investment house.

I resent this—not Oliver's partnership; I resent the success this novel is going to have. In 1969, when *Love Story* was at so high a peak that a banner was strung across Broadway saying "New York Loves *Love Story*," I was feverish to write a sequel, something more moderate, more broadly appealing. I hit on the *Like You A Lot Story*, in which the lovers would be coeds at Tulane, the heroine's disease pyorrhea, and the memorable maxim, "liking you a lot ordinarily means never having to say 'excuse me.'" To my disgust it went nowhere.

There's a genius to writing best sellers. Whether Segal, Harold Robbins, Irving Wallace or any other popular novelist actually *plots* his fiction according to an understanding of mass preferences, certainly that understanding is clear—in the frantic million-dollar bids for paper rights, in the lines of impatient millions around movie houses, perhaps most dramatically in the amazing public grapevine which by

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

its mysterious structure will now carry word of Oliver's fate as it did of Jenny's onto buses, trains; into waiting rooms, diners and English classes where teachers will snicker with envy at another smash. Some grand American chords are touched in popular fiction, as surely if not as deeply as in serious literature. Lots of people called *Love Story* junk, and cried their eyes out.

One reason is probably that books like *Love Story* and *Oliver's Story* give *pleasure*, which sounds like precious little until one considers what small pleasure (pure and quick, not morally transforming) there is in most modern novels. Another, that these books are stories, not screams, riddles or suicide notes. A third, that no demands are made on the reader to explore his life beyond the depth established in the novel. Read of Raskolnikov, and you dive to the dark places of the heart reluctantly. Read of Oliver Barrett and pain bobs on the surface; your cry is a *good* cry.

But the reasons for *Oliver's Story*'s particular assured success are more precise than these. Knowingly or not, Segal has followed a formula for best sellers with this book, the same formula used in the early World War I years, 1914-1916, in a dozen novels including Somerset Maugham's *Of Human Bondage*, Booth Tarkington's *Penrod* and *Seventeen*, Mary Roberts Rinehart's *K*, and (no kidding) in Edgar Rice Burroughs's *Tarzan of the Apes*. Those novels answered a need of their times by expressing concretely some amorphous though strong public feelings. So be it for *Oliver's Story;* and what this says about current public feelings is not encouraging.

The characteristics of American best sellers between 1914-1916 are described neatly in a fine study of popular fiction called *Books for Pleasure* by Suzanne Ellery Greene (Popular Press, 1974). Line up these characteristics with *Oliver's Story*, and we see why Segal will grow richer:

AUTHORS WANTED BY NEW YORK PUBLISHER

Leading book publisher seeks manuscripts of all types: fiction, non-fiction, poetry, scholarly and juvenile works, etc. New authors welcomed. For complete information, send for booklet NR-1. It's free. Vantage Press, 516 West 34 St., New York, N.Y. 10001.

no villians—technically child labor in Hong Kong is a villain in *Oliver's Story*, but Oliver thinks of it as one of many injustices, such as the war in Southeast Asia, that he'd like to set right some time.

the search for order is realized in personal happiness or stability—Oliver just wants to be happy. There are no abstract conflicts.

the value of feeling and intuition—Oliver senses that he and Marcie will never be two; his father senses difficulty; Phil has a feeling about Marcie, etc. .

naiveté and ingenuousness of the hero—Oliver is impetuous.

shunning the big city—Oliver's retreat to Boston is like going back to rural America, the controlled and simple life.

Anglo-Saxon superiority—implied in all Barretts, new and traditional. Oliver recoils from such notions, thereby emphasizing his superiority.

class dialect and colloquialisms—Oliver's social class is Harvard '64. He and Marcie talk dirty to show poise.

political connection between hero and outer world is slight—Oliver admits to dreaming of becoming president, but says lately he'd rather teach his kids to ice-skate.

little or no mention of ethnic groups—unless you count the Chinese in China as ethnics. Oliver has a mild yen for Joanna Stein, a Jewish doctor; and he often "lifts a glass" with Stanley Newman or Gianni Barnea. Phil Cavilleri phones occasionally and visits once.

parents are responsible for hero's innate nobility—quarrel as they may, Oliver is his father's son (Tarzan's parents were also aristocrats). It even turns out that Mr. Barrett is kind to mill workers.

education is good and necessary—Oliver lectures Marcie on the Treaty of Nanking.

virtue of Nature—here shown in hero's athleticism and anti-materialism.

tension between generations, yet parent and child reconcile—done.

love is pre-marital—much of *Oliver's Story* is an extended date, covering Ipswich, Denver, "21" and Howard Johnson's.

hero displays natural skills—hockey, jogging, tennis, the law.

selflessness of hero—"Be a little selfish, Oliver," says senior partner, Mr. Jonas. "You've earned it."

age is disparaged, and youth is seen as a time to be tortured and envied—done.

nationalism, a major theme—a mill worker tells Oliver that Mr. Barrett is under great pressure.

> *"Why?'*
> *He looked at me and spoke two syllables: "Hong Kong."*
> *I nodded.*
> *He continued. "And Formosa. And they're starting now in South Korea. What the hell."*
> *"Yeah, Mr. Francis," I replied. "That's wicked competition."*

simplicity of prose style—"I waited, while the mountains sat in silence, offering no comment."

There are other corresponding elements, but that's enough to make a case. If the same ingredients that made best sellers 60 years ago will make them today, how far have we come? According to these characteristics the American reader of 1914 was solidly interested in his own welfare and circle of friends, did not theorize abstractly about world events, did not question democracy, felt no broad economic or political responsibilities, cherished privacy, trusted intuition, and celebrated himself. Since that's a pretty fair summation of where we are now, Segal has read us right.

Then there's that final element of our fascination with money, which Segal has also read right, and in the right proportions. The idea of class as social division was an element in the best sellers of World War I, but in the '20s the possession of money determined class. Here Segal has it both ways. As Fitzgerald said of Daisy in *Gatsby*, "her voice was full of money"; so Oliver of Marcie: "she was dressed in money." The more Oliver and Marcie deny the importance of money, the more magical it seems, particularly as they deny it in mansion after mansion. Money talks, shines, changes bad to good, has its own intrinsic beauty. Few scenes in American movies are as happy as the last one in *How to Marry a Millionaire*, when Lauren Bacall ogles her boyfriend's enormous roll of bills. Few figures of American fiction are as joyful

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as Walt Disney's Scrooge McDuck, whooping up coins in his money bin.

As Segal and other popular novelists have discovered, money even accounts for more best sellers than love, which is why Oliver can lose his two girls, but hold on to his cash, and still delight his readers. That he plans good deeds with his riches is commendable—"I mean the companies we help to float create new jobs"—but the nice thing is he *has* the stuff. Moreover he is finally a *businessman*, at once the rarest sort of hero in American fiction, and the one in whom we've wished most to believe. For in him are wed capitalism and virtue, the love story we have longed for since the first sale to the first Indian.

If this analysis is correct—and I'm counting on it—I think I know how to beat Segal to the next bundle. I'll call it *Ghost Story*. In it Oliver has forsaken Annie Gilbert, the distant cousin whose name he deliberately drops on the last page of *Oliver's Story*, because—are you ready?—Jenny returns from the dead. Oliver, unable to find love again, is money-crazy; he needs love to temper avarice. One night as he is about to sign a corrupt contract, his hand is stayed. He looks up, and there entering from the moonlight through the French doors, standing on the Tabriz carpet beside the Mies chair, and holding a viola, is the only woman who ever mattered. "Hello, Preppy," she says.

Start bidding.

Roger Rosenblatt

TRB, *from page 2*

Kaufman's department store is looted. On Pennsylvania Avenue I pass the place where I was holed up in the bonus riots, years before. Violence is out from the manholes again.

Now it is 1977. What is different today is the total coverage on radio and television. The city is not paralyzed at all. Youngsters are throwing frisbees in Lafayette Park. President Carter is greeting Prime Minister Callaghan, but without cannon salutes to fray nerves. The terrorists are getting what all terrorists want, maximum attention; the media are hostages, too.

The District Building, or town hall, is on a kind of island, with a parking lot behind, and I circumnavigate it. The swelling elm buds make a brown mist overhead and one or two azalea blossoms have popped.

We all gather beside General Pulaski. His equestrian statue shelters radio men and TV crews and me. Everybody has a kind of nervous gaiety and I suddenly remember that's the way it is. We look across at the silent, lethal top floor of the District building; the gunmen have 11 hostages, with another 30 city workers barricaded by themselves and fearful of being stormed. They lower ropes for food.

General Pulaski—1748-1779. He's on a kind of traffic triangle. Behind him is the National Theater showing *Bully*, the one-man show about Teddy Roosevelt with James Whitmore. Nobody is in the theater foyer, I discover, but a little man behind the ticket grill tells me there will be no performance tonight absolutely unless—unless that other show across the Avenue is over "by six." He's precise about curtain time.

Terrorists make their demand today by telephone, radio picks up their voices. That's the new feature. Violence and anger are instantaneously broadcast into the living room. It blots out everthing else; the technical marvel that transmits the crisis creates the crisis.

A young man at Princeton has just submitted a highly praised paper on how to make an atomic bomb. Not too difficult to do, he says.

What if terrorists get one? The veneer of life is getting thinner. I still hear that alarm bell ringing in the shoe store long ago even as the looting went on. It was calling civilization to come.

Coming

Christopher Sykes on
The Auden Generation

Kauffmann, *from page 24*

in the performance is intended to fulfil what is specified or implied in the text. Now no one knows this better than Serban. So his production becomes a battleground—for two conflicts, in fact. The first is by now a familiar one in this century: the idea of the directorial concept versus the text of the play. Part of the turbulence of the modern era has centered on the presumed necessity to break with the past in the production of old plays. Changes of period or place were only one such strategy. (Occasionally a change succeeded: A.J. Antoon's *Much Ado about Nothing*, set in the US c. 1900, really heightened the play's immediacy.) Changes in the text and deliberately inapposite performance styles have also been used.

Often these productions reflected one or more of various motives: Fear (My God, we've got to make today's audience care about this play); egotism (The author, never having read Freud—or Marx or Artaud—didn't really know what he'd written here); incompetence (Since I have no command of classical style, I will derogate it and will substitute something else); vogue-slavishness (How dare I *not* have a concept these days when all my competitors have them?). But radical interpretation, as proof of vitality, is beginning to look terribly conformist and willed. Most of Serban's innovations here have an air of heavy breathing.

The second conflict connects with that. There was no vestige of laboriousness in Serban's Greek productions. He was working with a trained, relatively singleminded company on the creation of new theater pieces. The plays

The Sharing of Land and Resources In America

Peter Barnes' six-part series on the distribution of land and wealth in America is now available as a 64-page booklet. Price [including postage and handling]:

1-10 — $2 per copy
11-50 — $1.50
over 50 — $1

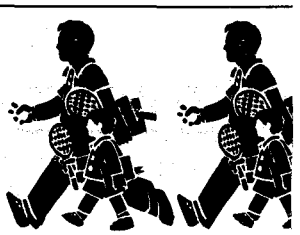
Address orders to
THE NEW REPUBLIC
1220 19th St., NW
Washington, DC 20036
prepaid orders only
D. C. residents add 5% tax

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

were not realistic to begin with, and in any case there was no intent to "do" them. The intent was to find and project their primal lines of force, their mythic antecedents. Here he doesn't have his company. (Only two came with him. One is in a bit part, the other, Priscilla Smith, is Ranevskaya's adopted daughter Varya. Further proof of disaster is the way that Smith, so brilliant in the Greek plays, is flattened here.) Here he *is* working with a realistic play which he has constantly to contradict if he's going to be himself at all. The result is not a production, it's a collision.

Serban is next scheduled to direct *Agamemnon* at the Beaumont. Naturally I hope it's better than the Chekhov. But I hope even more strongly that he will soon go back to his own company, take Smith with him, and make more theater pieces congenial to his talents.

THE NEW REPUBLIC CAMP&SCHOOL DIRECTORY



BIRD BANDING, star gazing, canoe tripping in Ontario. Natural science camp for boys and girls 8 - 14. Blue Heron, 1414 Bryn Mawr, Dayton, Ohio 45406.

CHASE RANCH on famous fishing river in Montana wilderness invites a few boys and girls to join experienced educators and outdoorsmen in nature studies, backpacking, fly fishing, riding and mountain climbing. Offer late summer and early fall sessions for adults too. Contact: Dr. Alston Chase, Millegan Route, Great Falls, Montana 59401. (406) 727-6233.

JohnnyAppleseed In Vermont

is a caring community for children of all races, colors and creeds. Rich Creative Arts, Riding, Nature, Farm, Sports, Pioneering and Waterfront program. Parents and visitors warmly welcome at all times. We are in Brandon, Vermont.

Call: (914) 961-8916

Write: 50 R Lincoln Avenue
Eastchester, N.Y. 10707

Summer Schools

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE GRADUATE INSTITUTE IN LIBERAL EDUCATION, an accredited institution approved for the MA. and teacher recertification, announces its eleventh annual summer session, June 26 - August 19. No textbooks, No lectures, No written examinations. Small classes meet for abundant open discussion of great books of western civilization. An affirmative action equal opportunity institution. Write: Graduate Institute, Box 326, St. John's College, Santa Fe, New Mexico 87501.

Schools

LEARN SPANISH. If you really want to learn Spanish quickly, fluently and correctly, and if you have the courage and stamina for intensive and disciplined study, come for at least one month to the Cuernavaca Language School of CIDOC. First month $300. Following four weeks $200. Private tutor available at $350 for 50 hours. Details: Apdo. 480, Cuernavaca, Mexico.

EXPLORE THE NORTHWEST. Summer adventures in group living and outdoor study. High school and junior high programs. The High Country School, 1021 NW Skyline Blvd., Portland, Oregon 97229

STUDENTS. ARE YOU LOOKING for a Law or Medical School? We help place students in these schools. Write Professional and Graduate Student Admissions Service Inc., 2110 S. Winn Rd., Mt. Pleasant, Michigan 48858

DOCTORATES: ONE MONTH RESIDENCY. Total time including project or dissertation is usually one year. Write: Southeastern Graduate School, University Center, Box 2473, Myrtle Beach, South Carolina 29577.

Foreign Studies

MEET RUSSIANS FACE-TO-FACE on 3-week nonpolitical non-profit exchange visits to the USSR. Open to qualified Americans, all ages, occupations. Departures June through December. Write-Wire-Phone Citizen Exchange Corps, Dept. NR, 101 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10017 (212) 889-7960

THE NEW REPUBLIC CAMP&SCHOOL DIRECTORY

CRYSTALAIRE CAMP in Northern Michigan dune country. Coed ages 9-15. Outpost camp, farm animal care, gardening, work projects, waterfront, creative arts, informal, non-competitive, individualized program. G.R. Leinbach, Maple City, Michigan 49664.

ALTERNATIVE SUMMER CAMP

accepting ages 6-17

A different approach to traditional camping. Small, warm, humanistic environment. Self-directed, non-competitive, non-compulsory activities. Choose from a rich curriculum: crafts, art, music, drama, video, organic gardening, animals, pottery, photography, sports, swimming, riding, camping trips, concerts, academics, etc.

Coed • Interracial
Also Winter Boarding School

Bob McCormick, Director

OPEN COMMUNITY CAMP

Box 399R Claverack, N.Y. 12513
Tel: (518) 851-3311

The Classifieds

Personals

CAMPAIGN BUTTON COLLECTORS: Send for my free Button Catalogue. Steve Gibson, 3107 Nimitz, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma 73112.

FEMALE SUMMER SAILING companion, 30 up, retired gentleman. Box 353, Cuttingsville, Vermont 05738.

PET ROCK OWNERS. When sliced sufficiently thin and photographed with polarized light, rocks exhibit colorful, dramatic textures. Send your pet's name or description and for $3.00 receive his or her portrait as a 16" x 20" color lithograph print. Mineral Spectrum, 323 S. Dewey Street, Bartlesville, Oklahoma 74003.

HELP U.S. MALE ARTIST (29) survive. Send assistance: Clasificador 1177, Correo Central, Santiago, Chile.

PRIVACY LAWS permit citizens to examine and challenge the contents of the government, school, credit records. Booklet contains analysis of rights, major files, addresses, detailed procedures. Send $3 to A.R.F. Harter, Box 17222, Tampa, Florida 33682.

HELP ESTABLISH "The World's Newest Profession." Inadequate training, rather than personal inadequateness, causes *ineffective parenting*. Write for materials to The Profession of Parenting Inst., 1609 Poplar St., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19130.

WIDOWER, middleaged college teacher alone, Chicago area, seeks gentle, loving female companion who distinguishes between fun and joy, with sustaining interest in music and art, nature, travel, informal living. New Republic Box 8055.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MEET YOUR IDEAL MATE - Scientific Computerized Matching, Nationwide, All Ages, Inexpensive. FREE Questionnaire, TEAM, 1270 Broadway, New York, New York 10001.

INVESTOR-PATRON for young writer. Investor needed to aid young author in publishing short novel. Vantage Press will print manuscript. Write: Armbruster, Apt. 705-A, 35-20 Leverich St., Jackson Heights, New York 11372.

JOIN JULIAN BOND, Gloria Steinem, Irving Howe, Victor Reuther; they're the New Socialists, working for social and economic justice through the Democratic Party. They're members of the DEMOCRATIC SOCIALIST ORGANIZING COMMITTEE, chaired by Michael Harrington. You don't have to be active in labor, feminist, civil rights or liberal movements to join (but, if you are, you'll find lots of company). Membership $15. Information: 853 Broadway Suite 617A, New York, New York 10003.

SELL YOUR PHOTOS. Report tells how and where color slide markets. Learn what kind of photos they want. Send $2.40. A. Perkins Enterprises, 934 W. Willow Street, Chicago, Illinois 60614.

210 FREE PRODUCTS: Cookbooks, diamonds, seeds. Information: $2.00. Rocking Horse Press, Box 2156, Brooklyn, New York 11202.

DON'T DIE without a Will! Blank Will Form protects your family. Only $2.00 Guaranteed! Order today!! Best Bargain Products, Dept. B7Q, 921 Fulton St., San Francisco, California 94117.

MALE, LATE 50s, seeks female companion to share interest in outdoors, theatre, music, travel and life. Long Island, New York area. New Republic Box 8040.

MIDDLE-AGED, 6-4, attractive, articulate professional man seeks good humored, intelligent, attractive woman, 40s, Buffalo-Rochester, Fort Lauderdale areas. Interests: writing, good conversation, golf, travel. Photo appreciated. New Republic Box 8020.

CRAFTS NEWS LETTER - For craft persons and people looking for craft shows. $2.00 per year. Kemp Krafts, 131 Sunset Drive, Burlington, Vermont 05401.

DETERMINED MAN, 23, needs time alone to write. Will occupy and maintain house in sequestered wooded area. David Joseph, 26 Henry Avenue, Baltimore, Maryland 21236.

HENRY WALLACE COLLECTOR seeks memorabilia (pins, posters, letters, etc.). Send xerox for offer. Keefe, 136 Washington Ave., Saugerties, New York 12477.

CREATIVITY JOYS: Learning to give and get them, Toronto, April 24-27, 1977. Conference-membership-publications information. S.A.S.E. & 25¢ - The National Association - Gifted Children and Adults, 8080 Springvalley, Cincinnati, Ohio 45236.

A HUMAN VALUES SLIDE RULE will help you to evaluate your beliefs and behaviors. Plan ahead! Think consequences! Send $1.00 check or money order, to HUMAN VALUES, 30690 Providence Road, Cleveland, Ohio 44124.

KNOW YOURSELF! Your personal full-month bio-rythm. Send birthdate and birthyear, $3.00. Freelance Research, 1457R Norwood Avenue, Clearwater, Florida 33516.

INTELLIGENT FEMALE, mid-forties, widow, interested music, opera, theater, dance, sexual politics? Desires to meet man with a sense of humor who would appreciate her. Chicago area. New Republic Box 8060.

DRIVING? Instant TOTAL visibility sides and rear. Snaps on your rearview mirror. No more twisting when changing lanes. $8.95 to D.E. Sanders, Forum Bldg. 1006, 11801 Rockville Pike, Rockville, Maryland 20852. Maryland residents add 4% tax.

14 STEPS TO SELF MASTERY. Write for free, 24-page booklet, "How to Know Yourself through Yoga." Ananda, Dept. RC1, Nevada City, California 95959.

MIDWESTERN PROFESSIONAL physician seeks congenial intellectual and educated woman in forties or early fifties who has similar pursuits, enjoys dining out, theater, and likes traveling. New Republic Box 8045.

FIVE CENT INVESTMENT makes razor blades last 20-30 sharp shaves. $1 and stamped envelope brings secret from: P.O. Box 6490, Teall Ave. Station, Syracuse, New York 13217 (*Not* pyramid).

TECHNOCRACY - TECHNOLOGICAL SOCIAL DESIGN available for one dollar from Technocracy Inc., Continental Headquarters, Savannah, Ohio 44874

ASTROLOGY READINGS: $3. Send name, address, exact time of birth to: Maria, Box 322, Howell, New Jersey 07731.

GET A COPY of the information Uncle Sam maintains on you. You might be surprised. Send $6.50 for authorization forms and a comprehensive search of the federal government. FULL REFUND if there's nothing on you. Sunshine Search Service, Suite 203, 1302 18th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.

ORIENTAL LADIES want to write you. Blossoms, Stehekin, Washington 98852.

DATES GALORE! Meet singles—anywhere. Call DATELINE, Toll-free (800) 451-3245.

JOIN OUR GROWING RANKS and help us reduce the population by at least 50%. Free brochure: NEGATIVE POPULATION GROWTH, INC., 103 Park Avenue, Room 414, (R), New York, New York 10017

IN TODAY'S WORLD: When a child drops out of school, chances for a happy, productive life drop too. To combat the apathy and poverty that are often the reasons why a child becomes a drop-out Futures has initiated a program to help keep some especially promising but severely underprivileged Spanish-surnamed children in school and thereby maximize their chances for happy and productive lives. Won't you help? The cost is low—$15 per month. The rewards are priceless. Write for further information to: Futures for Children, 4401 Montgomery Blvd., N.E., Albuquerque, New Mexico 87109.

WORLDWIDE ENGLISH NEWSPAPERS. 65 countries! Sampler: Eight countries - $3.98. Free brochure. Multinewspapers, Box DE-8, Dana Point, California 92629.

TERRORIST COUNTERMEASURES detailed in Counterforce, the magazine on terrorism. 4039 Cole, Dallas, Texas 75204.

T-Shirts

CUSTOM PRINTED T-SHIRTS - we print anything. 2" white letters. Quality navy shirts. Maximum 20 letters. Sizes: S-M-L-ExL. $5.00 postpaid. Burketime, P.O. Box 1121-R, Morganton, North Carolina 28655.

"SOLAR ENERGY TODAY" T-Shirts! Red on Gold! $5.00! Sizes S-M-L-XL, Catch-All, Box 4332, Dept. NR, Boulder, Colorado 80306.

"ESCHEW OBFUSCATION" T-Shirt (S-M-L), $4.95. Wry Idea Co., Rye, New York 10580

HISTORICAL T-SHIRTS: Bach, Susan B. Anthony, V. Woolf, Amelia Earhart, Eleanor Roosevelt, Albert Einstein, Mahler, Gertrude Stein, K. Marx, Nietzsche, Emma Goldman, Colette, Isadora Duncan, Emily Dickinson, Mao Tse Tung. $6.00 each. 4/$20.00. Men's sizes: Sm - Med - Lg - XLg. "T-SHIRTS," Box 55C, Somerville, Massachusetts 02144

Bumperstickers

T-SHIRTS, BUTTONS, BUMPERSTICKERS - LOWEST PRICES! Catalog. Larry Fox, 38-N Emerson Place, Valley Stream, New York 11580.

BUMPERSTICKERS, DECALS, BUTTONS Lowcost, custom made advertising for your Business, Special Event, Organization or Political Campaign. Buy direct from manufacturer and SAVE! Please state intended use for appropriate samples. Write for FREE Brochure. Price List and Samples. REFLECTIVE ADVERTISING INC. Dept. NR. 8551 Page Boulevard, St. Louis, Missouri 63114. Phone (314) 423-5495.

Gifts

SOMEONE SICK? "GOOD-PATIENT-AWARD," woven emblem. Wearable, $2.25; Framed, $3.00; Deluxe, $3.75. AWARDS Company, Box 55, Arlington, Massachusetts 02174.

Games

ATTENTION CROSSWORD BUFFS! Absolute Ultimate! World's largest crossword puzzle. Listed in Guinness Book. 22x26", 4,018 words. Complete 32 page definition book. Solutions included. Ideal gift. $3.00 ppd., The Works, Dept. R-3, 370 Williams Road, Wallingford, Connecticut 06492.

Literature

WHY "*SPIED FROM THE OTHER SIDE*?" Because English poetry from 27 languages, centuries, handlettered, one translator, is unique. $2 booklet. 121 Central, Stirling, New Jersey 07980.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

USED BOOKS. Free large catalogue. Many subjects. Shuhi, Morris, Connecticut 06763.

PLAY POKER? Be a winner. Expert reveals inside facts. $1.50. Braun, Box 982, Stone Mountain, Georgia 30083.

14 STEPS TO SELF MASTERY. Write for free, 24-page booklet, "How to Know Yourself through Yoga." Ananda, Dept. RC2, Nevada City, California 95959.

CHINA RECONSTRUCTS, published monthly in the People's Republic of China, is *airmailed* directly from Peking to bring you the latest developments in China today. Find out why there is no inflation in China and how women achieved equality in this colorfully illustrated magazine. Only $3 a year. Send check to Books New China, Inc., Dept. R, 53 East Broadway, New York, New York 10002.

PARISWALKS. A unique and delightful guidebook to the Left Bank of Paris. Walking tours, maps, photos, restaurants, hotels, even recipes! Send $4.50 to New Republic Books, Box P, 1220 19th St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.

BLUE COLLAR: An Internal Examination of the Workplace, by Charles Spencer (25 years' plant seniority), takes the workplace apart to reveal its inner workings. *Begins where other blue collar studies leave off.* Quality paperback, 250 pages, $4.95 plus 50¢ postage. From Lakeside-Charter Books, POB 7651, Chicago, Illinois 60680.

REMEMBER ANYTHING YOU WANT. New book shows you how. $3.00. Arlotta Press, Dept. R1. 6340 Millbank Drive, Dayton, Ohio 45459.

POETRY AND SHORT STORY contest. For information send SASE to Literary Messenger, P.O. Box 6253, Albany, California 94706.

IS SOCIALISM DEAD? Provocative, intelligent, stimulating—that's The New International Review, a democratic socialist quarterly. One year - $6.00. NIR, Box 26020, Tempe Arizona 85282.

READ THE GUARDIAN—newsweekly gives MARXIST viewpoint on national and international news. Special 6-week trial sub. $1.00. GUARDIAN, Dept. NR, 33 West 17th St., New York, New York 10011. (Full year $17.)

DIRECTORY of 306 free magazines. 90 subjects. Only $2.00. Golden Isle Gifts, Dept. 14, 6½ W. Sunnyslope, Ponca City, Oklahoma 74601.

KITES—Illustrated Handbook. Make/fly 14 kites; paper, plastic, fabric. $4.00. BLOWN SKY-HIGH, 1425N Marshall, Richland, Washington 99352.

ZAPRUDER, NIX, MUCHMORE FILMS. Kennedy assassination. Box 114-R, Beaconsfield, Quebec.

OUT OF PRINT BOOKS. Free international search without obligation. Bookfinders, Box 29604-N3, Atlanta, Georgia 30359.

"UNUSUAL" BOOKS. Catalog free. International Imports, Box 7798NR. Atlanta, Georgia 30357.

PAPERBACKS - 80% SAVINGS. Destiny, Box 366V, Round Lake, Illinois 60073.

SERIOUS, SCHOLARLY USED BOOKS. Lists issued. SCHNEEMANN, 5710 S. Dorchester, Chicago, Illinois 60637.

FREE BOOK. Prophet Elijah Coming Before Christ. Megiddo Mission, Dept. 72, 481 Thurston Road, Rochester, New York 14619

Poetry

POETRY WANTED for Anthology - include stamped envelope. Contemporary Literature Press, P.O. Box 26462, San Francisco, California 94126

Literary Services

SEARCH SERVICE SPECIALISTS. Free. No obligation. Any out-of-print located. Books Unlimited, 45 Russell Road, Wellesley, Massachusetts 02181.

PUBLISH YOUR OWN BOOK. We print as few as 200 copies paperback, hard cover, pamphlets. Quality, economy, and cooperation. FREE Details, Graphic-copy, Box 285R, Floral Park, New York 11011

WRITERS: "CLIP ART and Copy Preparation Suggestions." International, Box 11796NRC, Atlanta, Georgia 30355.

WRITERS - "UNSALABLE" MANUSCRIPT? Try AUTHOR AID ASSOCIATES, 340 East 52nd Street, New York City 10022

THE PLAINS DISTRIBUTION SERVICE, INC., a literary organization, offers an unusual opportunity to explore the flourishing non-commercial literary art of America's heartland. The Plains Booklist, a gallery for Midwestern small presses, introduces fifteen selections each quarter. Our magazine brochure offers eight fine Upper-Midwestern literary magazines. Both free upon request P.O. Box 3112, Fargo, North Dakota 58102.

Employment Wanted

ANTI-BUREAUCRAT seeking position with non-profit humanitarian concern. Systems manipulation skills. B.A., M.P.A. Resume on request. Box 41, U-200, University of Connecticut, Storrs, Connecticut 06268.

POSITION SOUGHT: As secretary/aide. Retired infantry officer, 40, fit, single, college, chauffeur, cook, travelled, caucasian, 3 languages fluently, shorthand 110, typing 75. References and documents. Box 5905, Columbia, South Carolina 29250.

"SHOW & SELL" CLASSIFIEDS

TNR's new special price gives you a way to display your message with greater impact for less money!

BOLD HEAD
$5
(plus 60¢ per word)

BOLD HEAD & SIGNATURE
$10
(plus 60¢ per word)

INSET, BOLD HEAD & SIGNATURE
$25
(plus 60¢ per word)

REGULAR CLASSIFIED ADS
60¢ PER WORD

FREE TRAVEL !!!
Cruises, Tours, Flights - Europe, Caribbean - Elsewhere !! Detailed Booklet Reveal 900-N, Yuba City, California 95991.

SELL YOUR PHOTOS
Report tells how and where markets. Learn what kind of
A. Perkins Enterprises, 934 Street, Chicago, Illinois 6

Try our "3 for 2" offer. You pay for 2 ads - we run #3 FREE!

Maine Windjammer Sailing Vacation
ıtury Reproductions. Utmost Dependabi erritories. 10551 Victc Washington 98125. G
Rockland, Me. 04841 Tel. 207-594-0000

210 FREE PRODUCTS: Cookbooks, diamonds, seeds. Information: $2.00. Rocking Horse Press, Box 2156, Brooklyn, New York 11202.

The New Republic
1220 Nineteenth Street, N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20036

My ad reads: _____

I'll try for greater impact with:
- ☐ BOLD HEAD
- ☐ BOLD HEAD & SIGNATURE
- ☐ BOLD HEAD, SIG & INSET (photo enclosed)
- ☐ REGULAR CLASSIFIED

Advance payment enclosed _____
Please run my ad ____ times
TNR Box Number - 6 words to cover postage and handling
See frequency rates next page

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Employment Opportunities

EXPERIENCED WRITER/ACTIVIST - Knowledge of agricultural, food or health issues. Salary low. Washington, D.C. interview. Send resume to G. Moreland, CSPI, 1757 S St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20009.

TEACHERS-ADMINISTRATORS-current school, college openings list in U.S. $5.95, abroad $5.95. Leading placement sources U.S. $3.95, foreign $4.95. EISN, Box 662, Newton, Massachusetts 02162

Business Opportunities

TRICKS for mail order money-making! $1. Kowaleski, 4326 Elizabeth Ave., Sacramento, California 95821.

EXCELLENT SECOND INCOME without leaving your armchair. Send self-addressed, stamped envelope to: Foley, NR, P.O. Box 22472, San Francisco, California 94122.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY in Real Estate. Buy with other people's money. Rush $2. Satisfaction guaranteed! Morgan Young, Dept. NR-27, 2208 East Crescent, Missoula, Montana 59801.

FREE! How To Get Rich Reading Classified Ads. Write: Matchmakers, (NR-5), 15 West 38th St., NYC 10018.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY writing short paragraphs. Information free. Barrett, Dept. C-456-C, 6216 N. Clark, Chicago, 60660.

SELL YOUR PHOTOS. Report tells how and where. Send $1.50. Cottage Gifts, 85 Mountain Ave., Westwood, New Jersey 07675.

GREAT CASSETTE PROGRAMS for Businessmen, Professionals, Secretaries, Students, Housewives. Satisfaction Guaranteed, American Express Accepted. Rush 25¢. John Jay, Box 11571 - 306, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53211.

Property Sale/Rent

BRIGHTON, ENGLAND. Sept. '77/summer '78. 3 bedroom house near seafront, shops, buses. 1 hr. train London. $200 month. Jenkins, Route 1, Box 278, Bloomington, Indiana 47401.

PUERTO RICO. Luquillo beach house, 3 bedrooms, for rent weekly. Edward Pinney, 148 East 78 Street, New York City 10021. (212) 879-8870.

SABBATICAL FLATS in central London, fully furnished in great and convenient location in S. Kensington. Super "Comprehensive State" Junior School 5 mins. away. 15 mins. ride central London. Short or long term. Phone numbers of recent American clients available for reference upon request. Write Antony Smith, New Republic Box 7985.

Vacation/Travel

IDAHO'S SALMON RIVER COUNTRY - break away for an exciting adventure with family or friends on a wilderness vacation. White water float trips or high country pack trips. July-August. Nez Perce Outfitters & Guides, Box 1454-N, Salmon, Idaho 83467. (208) 756-3912.

WORLDWIDE LOW COST JET travel. Gov't approved. Guide lists thousands of money saving flights. $3. New Age, Box 1385F, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19105.

FAMILY OF MAN TOUR, planned with UNICEF, offers 23 escorted days through Europe. $1356. 25 adults. September. Apply now. Write Harold Kuebler, Director, 639 Park, Huntington, New York 11743.

ESCAPE TO MAINE. Housekeeping units in old tavern near 1¼-mile Pemaquid Beach, historic fort, archaeological dig. Congenial. $110-140. 315-253-8724.

VERMONT, GREEN MOUNTAIN National Forest, six bedroom farmhouse on 100 acres, river through property, skiing, fishing, hunting. $100-$300 weekly. New Republic Box 8050.

OUTDOOR ADVENTURE COURSE, seven days, June - August, $200. Rafting, rockclimbing, mountaineering in Colorado Rockies. Write OLTS/NR, 2220 Birch, Denver, Colorado 80207.

PRIVATE TENNIS! Beachfront Jamaican villa, four bedrooms, staff. Snorkeling, bodysurfing, friendly fishing village. From $270. Noel, 141-N Ridgefield, Hartford, Connecticut 06112. (203) 247-0759.

BACKPACK THE IDAHO WILDERNESS. David Petersen will be guiding nature trips into the untouched wilderness areas of Idaho. See the wilds of this beautiful country with this experienced and licensed guide. Equipment and meals provided. Write: Wilderness Trails, P.O. Box 9252, Moscow, Idaho 83843.

Intentional Communities

A group of academics and artists plans to establish an economically cooperative community in the rural northeast devoted to scholarship, art, ecological balance, self reliance and education. The community will operate a liberal arts college not requiring its students to pay for instruction. For information, contact: C. Ward, Box 743, Amherst, Massachusetts 01002.

COMMUNAL LIVING DIRECTORY. $1. Storefront Classroom Community, P.O. Box 1174-NR, San Francisco, California 94101.

Health

VITAMINS - 500 mg. Vitamin C and B complex, comparable to Surbex-T. Your check or money order for $3.80 (100 tablets) includes postage. J.R. Nevin Co., Inc., Pharmaceuticals, 183 Royal Parkway (West), Williamsville, New York 14221.

Gourmet/Cookery

Try LABORATORY GLASSWARE for your kitchen. Free catalogue from: The Glass Barn, 1207 Spruce Street, Berkeley, California 94709.

WILD RICE FANCY $4.20 pound prepaid, 5 pound minimum shipment. E.L. Floura, Blackduck, Minnesota 56630

TUMMY TEA - Soothing, Delicious Blend of herbs. Big ¼ lb. CANNISTER $1.50. Aminzade Teas, RD #1, Plainfield, Vermont 05667.

SUPER CHILE recipe, $1. Johnson, Box 272D, Mason, Ohio 45040.

Arts/Crafts

The Copper Puzzle is mounted between Plexiglas with brass bolts. Puzzles most common from this series are birds and the human figure. Please state a preference when ordering. 5"x7" mounted size $35.

Music

HARPSICHORDS, CLAVICHORDS by Sperrhake, Dependable, beautiful, moderately priced. Robert S. Taylor, 8710 Garfield Street, Bethesda, Maryland.

Classified Rates

Per word (single insertion)	60¢
Per word 6 times in one contract year	55¢
Per word 12 times in one contract year	50¢
Per word 24 times in one contract year	45¢
Per word 48 times in one contract year	40¢

Payment in Advance of Insertion Required for Less Than 24 Insertions in One Year
24 & 48 Insertions Billed Monthly with One Month's Payment in Advance

Copy Deadline: 19 days prior to Saturday issue date.

THE NEW REPUBLIC
1220 Nineteenth Street, N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20036

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"She has cut through the propaganda and shown the authentic man."

—ROBERT KIRSCH, *Los Angeles Times*

Paul Robeson was one of the best-known and most admired individuals of his time. Yet, a year after his death, he remains virtually unknown to a whole new generation of Americans. Dorothy Gilliam's vivid biography recaptures the drama of his life as a football All American, a legendary actor and singer, and as a humanitarian and political activist who was blacklisted for espousing the Communist cause.

"Paul Robeson was the hero of my youth. Dorothy Gilliam rekindles my memories of him in her quiet and sensitive work. She takes care in bringing back this gentle giant who lifted our national soul to unequaled heights and tested our love of liberty."
—ANDREW YOUNG, U.S. Ambassador to the U.N.

"One of Gilliam's finest achievements is the skillful way in which she weaves the story of American racism into Robeson's own story . . . She is to be congratulated for her sensitivity in this portrait of a man who played an epic role in our national life and who is finally being restored to his rightful place in our history."
—DOROTHY SAMACHSON, *Chicago Daily News*

PAUL ROBESON
All American
by Dorothy Butler Gilliam

Illustrated with photographs
$8.95 at bookstores or
use the coupon below

New Republic Books
Dept. NR
1220 19th Street, N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20036

TNR

Please send me _____ copy(ies) of *Paul Robeson: All American* @ $8.95 each. D.C. residents add 5% sales tax. (Check or money order enclosed, payable to New Republic Books.)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Middle East Diarist

Follow Me, Cy

The Middle East conflict isn't just a matter of high policy; it's a damned inconvenience. American Secretaries of State never appreciate this, fact-finding as they do by jetting back and forth between Arab capitals and Israel, communicating instantly by satellite and hotline. I'm not sure what it would do to the peace process, but if Cyrus Vance wants to see the Middle East as it really is, he ought to travel my way.

For starters, the Secretary should make several phone calls to travel agents and airline offices in Washington, trying to book himself hotel rooms in Cairo, Damascus and Amman. If he waits, he will receive back word before he departs that there is no room anywhere; all hotels in the Arab world are fully reserved for six months, and those that are not would never admit it. As I do, the Secretary should set off on his trip hoping that traveler's luck will keep him from having to sleep in the street when he gets to Cairo. Apprehension about where one will stay does wonders for one's stomach acidity and concentration on business.

It is no fair for the Secretary to take an Air Force plane on his trip. He should fly El Al at least once, just to see the expression on the face of the young Israeli girl who does first-echelon security checks at Kennedy airport when she spots a passport full of Arab visas. She remains calm, but her eyes say she's sure you are Abu Daoud as she calls her superiors, a pair of beefy ex-paratroopers to whom you are required to recount your life history and try to prove you are who your passport says you are. Does the Secretary of State carry a letter from his employer saying he's really the Secretary of State?

I would like to see the Secretary have to worry, every time he enters or leaves Israel, that some forgetful or malicious Israeli official (acting on orders because Rabin is mad?) will stamp his passport, thereby rendering him inadmissable to any Arab country. The Secretary probably would carry two passports, as many smart travelers do in the Middle East. But then I want to watch him worry about what they will say in Saudi Arabia if, checking his suitcases for booze and other contraband, the security people come across the passport he uses for Israel, or his used El Al ticket, or a copy of *The Jerusalem Post* he forgot to throw away.

Deprived of his airplane, the Secretary will have to make his way between the Arab world and Israel the way I do. His only direct route would be across the Allenby bridge connecting Jordan and the Israeli-occupied West Bank. This is a colorful way to travel, and the Secretary will enjoy sitting hot and cramped and afflicted with flies, saying kootchy-koo to Arab babies for an hour (not being sure what to say to their mothers) while waiting for a rickety old bus to fill up and make its dusty way down to the one-lane Jordan River bridge. On the Israeli side, he will not have captured the true flavor of the Middle East unless he experiences the security check reserved for Arab travelers. With an air of contempt, the Israeli security guards will demand that the Secretary remove every stitch of clothing from his suitcases. They will spread it out in disarray over a table, rudely go over every piece as though each dirty shirt could contain a bomb, then tell the Secretary to repack his suitcase, and to hurry. He will learn a bit about why West Bank Arabs love the Israeli occupation so.

After writing home to his loved ones about how he exotically crossed "Over Jordan," the Secretary will take another route in the future if he can. If peace ever were established, Tel Aviv to Cairo would be a 250-mile, one-hour shuttle hop. Not now, however. It is more than a day's journey via Cyprus, where the local tourist authorities have shrewdly rigged air schedules so it is necessary to stay overnight on the island. For some reason—Cypriots blame it on Israeli taxes—covering the same distance that costs $37 on the New York-to-Washington shuttle or $56 on the Paris-to-London run costs nearly $200 in the Middle East.

Of course, it will be impossible for the Secretary to telephone or telex ahead from Tel Aviv to Cairo about a hotel room, so he will have to begin foraging when he gets to Egypt. No doubt, he will try bluffing it at the Sheraton: "I'm Cyrus Vance and I have a reservation . . . No? Well, Pan Am was supposed to . . . " When none of this works—and it will do him no good to say he knows Anwar Sadat; everyone tries that trick—he will have to beg some deskman to help him find a room. Since he is a suave and experienced diplomat, he probably will know how much to tip the fellow for finding him an unheated room at a slightly musty second-rate hotel. Not wanting to offend a man with $5 when he expects $20, I often just say thank you, smiling, which is not the way to win friends in a baksheesh culture.

If the Secretary really is going to do it my way, he will have to dispense with official cars on his trip and take taxis. Until he learns in Cairo where it's possible to find English-speaking drivers (paying a premium, of course), he probably will find out the hard way, as I did, that *Al Ahram* is not only the name of Egypt's foremost newspaper, located in the center of Cairo, but also Arabic for "the Pyramids," which are several miles out of town. As the driver heads in the wrong direction, the Secretary can scream and make furious page-turning gestures—remembering, of course, that Arabs read newspapers from back to front—in an effort to get the taxi to turn around. I hope he enjoys the pyramids.

You might well ask why I would put the Secretary of State through all these misadventures when he's no tourist, but a busy man with war and peace on his mind. Well, I'm no tourist, either, but the point is, he should realize that the Middle East conflict isn't just a matter of final borders and peace treaties, but a web of stupidities, inconveniences and petty brutalities as well. And we Americans don't feel the worst of it. The Secretary and I, after all, can make our way around the Middle East, albeit separately. The Arabs and Israelis can't.

The strongest, saddest impression I always come away with—and the Secretary couldn't miss it, even on his jet plane—is that brilliant, compassionate and warm-hearted people, really nice people, inhabit each side of the conflict, cut off from each other by idiotic political walls.

M.M.K.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Jet Performance: Doing More With Less

MITCH LIBRARY
BALDWIN-WALLACE
COLLEGE
MAR 24 1977

The airlines did more in 1976. More passengers. More safety. More freight. More service than ever before.

They did all of this while using 800 million gallons *less* fuel than in 1973 when the fuel crunch hit. It's a conservation record few other industries can match.

Here at a glance is the airline performance checklist for 1976:

Safety—Best year in commercial aviation history.

Passengers—All-time high of 223 million passengers boarded—up 18 million from 1975.

Freight—Ton miles carried exceeded 5 billion for first time.

Mail—Eight out of every 10 first class intercity letters moved by air.

Fares—Average cost per mile to air travelers rose less than the Cost of Living Index. New fares are making air travel even more of a bargain.

Earnings—On revenues over $17 billion, earnings were about $400 million—or just over 2¢ on each dollar—half the U.S. industry average.

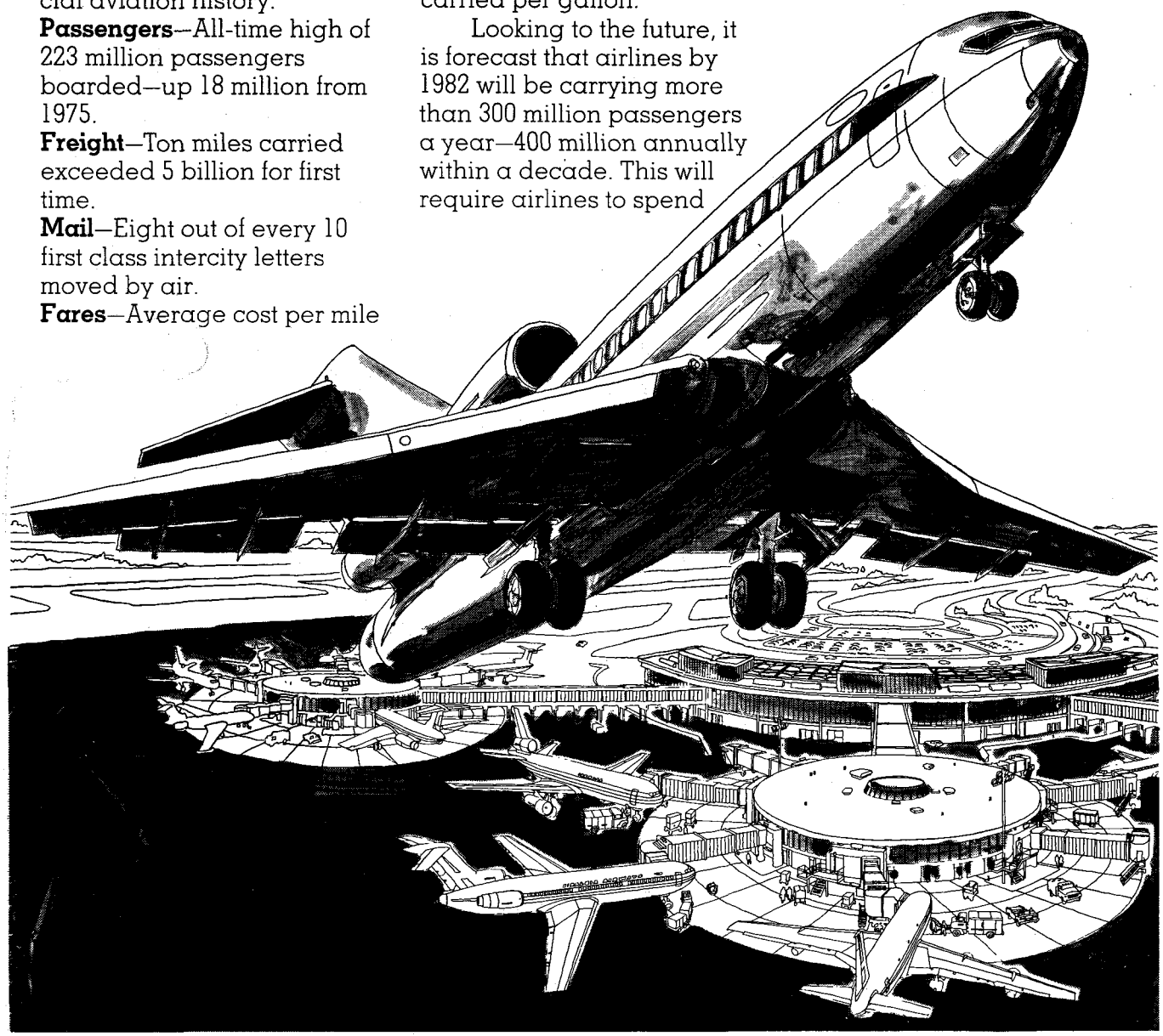
Fuel Conservation—Compared with 1973, airlines used 8% less fuel while carrying 21 million more passengers—a 19% gain on passengers carried per gallon.

Looking to the future, it is forecast that airlines by 1982 will be carrying more than 300 million passengers a year—400 million annually within a decade. This will require airlines to spend billions of dollars to modernize with quieter, more fuel-efficient jets.

As the predominant intercity public transportation system, the airlines will continue to help meet the nation's energy challenge while keeping America on the move.

THE AIRLINES OF AMERICA

Public Transportation at its best.



Air Transport Association of America, 1709 New York Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED